# THE MADRAS

*They are slaves who dare not be*
*In the right with two or three."*

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THE REV. GORDON MATTHEWS

THE

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1939

# JACOB'S DREAM*

(THE REV. GORDON MATTHEWS)

**Gen. 28. 15. Behold, I am with thee and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest.**

So Jacob dreamt that God blessed him. Jacob, ambitious and cunning, guilty of deception and fraud. He had deceived his old blind father, and had cheated his brother; and now he is fleeing from his brother's anger. He is hurrying away to put miles of desert between himself and his brother's vengeance-to find refuge with his mother's brother Laban and Laban's people. There—as we all know—he will continue his old game of low-down cunning-playing it with no easy victim like his frank impulsive happy-go-lucky brother, but with a tricky fellow like himself. It will be a contest of low-down wits; he will not this time have it all his own way. He will himself be tricked but in the end he will prove himself the cleverer rogue.

If Jacob as he slept beside the track over the hills of Canaan, with a stone for a pillow,—if he had dreamt that the Furies were after him, that divine vengeance was pursuing him, for a father meanly deceived, for a brother meanly wronged—if he had waked in terror and rejoiced to find it only a dream, we should have felt that it was a very natural and proper experience. But that in these circumstances he should dream of contact still between himself and heaven, of a ladder reaching from earth on which his guilty feet may climb even to the heavenly places, of God's glorious blessing resting on his mean soul—that strikes us as s t r a n g e, most strange. Though of course we must remember that God blessed Esau also, with an even greater blessing; God gave him a generous spirit so that when years later these men met again Esau received his brother with forgiveness.

What are we to think about this vision? Of course we can say, quite truly, it was only a dream, and in spite of Freud and the new psychology, we need not take dreams too seriously. But deep in our hearts there is an inextinguishable desire, an undying hope, that Jacob's dream may be not a mere fantasy, but a picture of facts, of moral truth,—that his vision is a glimpse of the spiritual reality that environs human life,—that

> 'There is a way for man to rise
> To that sublime abode—'

however unworthy he may be, however clogged and hampered by his own past misdeeds.

It is a picturesque story, this story of Jacob's dream. But its picturesqueness alone does not account for its universal appeal. Its universal

* A sermon preached at College Church.

appeal is due to the fact that we are all like Jacob,—like him in our unworthiness of divine blessing, though we are not all unworthy in exactly Jacob's way. What stirs our deepest interest is not the lives of the saints, not the story of some saint sailing triumphantly into glory, but the story of someone like ourselves, often driven off the right course by the tempest, but somehow by God's grace brought safe into port at last.

It is not surprising that Jacob dreamt of a ladder—though we are surprised he pictured his ladder as reaching heaven. A ladder is a very natural dream image, a very natural symbol for imagination to produce, to express those aims, ideals, ambitions, hopes, that throng a young man's mind. And Jacob was a young man—with life still before him. He dreams a young man's dream— "of young ambition's ladder whereto the climber upward turns his face". The dream imagery may vary, we may not all dream of ladders; we may not dream at all. But in one way or another we all picture to ourselves life in the years ahead—if not as a ladder, then perhaps as a road—a climbing road winding upward all the way.

Now the tragedy of life is when our ladder does not reach high enough—when the top of it does not reach heaven. The tragedy is when our road does not go far enough-when it does not reach the Celestial City. The tragedy is when in the arrangement of our life's journey, its goal and its route, we leave God and His will for us out of account.

We aspire—to pass our examinations, to get a good degree, and then to get an appointment that will in time lead to a position of distinction, with a good salary—when all our hopes will be satisfied. But that ladder is not long enough. Certainly pass your exams, get as high a degree as you can, get a good appointment, become distinguished and well-to-do, if you can do it without losing your own soul. But if that is where your ladder rests, you are resting it on an insubstantial cloud, not on Heaven. If that is where your road ends, it is stopping short of the Celestial City. Your road must go further, your ladder must be longer, your ideals higher. Dream, aspire, cherish your ambitions, but be sure that they reach Heaven—that whether in distinction or in obscurity, in wealth or in straitened circumstances, you are doing with the life that God has given you, what God wants you to do with it.

Be sure that the top of your ladder reaches Heaven. Why is this so very important? There are three reasons–and each one of these reasons finds expression in the imagery of Jacob's dream.

One is that your aspirations may go up to their full height. There were angels *ascending* on that ladder that touched Heaven. Your aspirations, symbolized by these messengers of God, are God's gift to you, words of God spoken to your heart and woven into the fabric of your being. And by them we live. "Men do not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." We must not substitute for these high aspirations, half-way aspirations. We must not allow ourselves to be content with the second rate, our second best—for in such there can be no lasting satisfaction. It is because of being content with something which is not our best,

that the rich promise of many lives is never fulfilled, and no *enduring* satisfaction is achieved and life tails off into cynicism and boredom. Make your dream high; and then throw into its achievement all you have and all you are.

Another reason why our ambitions must reach heaven is—that Heaven may come down to us. On the ladder linking earth and heaven there were angels descending. Heaven must come to us, for we are, and shall be, often lonely, and needy, and sorely pressed and harassed. It is not enough that God's help should come to us some day; we need it now. What an inspiration there is, in this picture of the angels descending, for those of us who are fighting a hard fight now for the mastery of self, the mastery of life, and badly feeling the need of heavenly reinforcements. Not in some far-off day when Jacob had become a saintly patriarch, but here and now in the night of fear and flight, when his wrong-doing had recoiled upon him, and his life was threatened with disaster—here on the hills of Canaan, across which he is fleeing for his life, in the midst of his stumblings and tremblings, he become aware that he is in God's presence—though he is utterly unworthy of it, and that God has not cast him off.

That is what we need, and shall need, throughout our life. We have our ideals, rightly. But we know how hard it is to realize ideals; we know the power of the world to thwart our aspirations, and shatter our dreams, and debase and degrade our ideals. 'Even an angel' says a Jewish proverb, 'after seven days on earth loses the power of its wings'. And we are not angels, to start with. There will surely be times in our life when divine reinforcements will have to come down to our aid, and pick us up from amid our shame and our sorrow.

And this brings us to the third reason why the goal of our life-ambition must be not less high than Heaven. It is that we may hear God's opinion of our life. Jacob dreamed 'and behold, a ladder—and angels of God ascending and descending upon it and behold, the Lord stood at the top of it, and said—'. And it was then that this low-down tricky fellow heard God's view of his prospects. *Fleeing from the disaster that his* own rascality had brought upon him, he hears the astounding promises: 'I am with thee. I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. I will not leave thee until I have done what I have spoken to thee of.'

Do you say he did not deserve such promises as these? True, he did not. He was not worthy, neither are we, of what God does for us. God treats us all far beyond our deserving. It was while in full flight from the consequences of his sinful ways that this man learnt that forgiveness—what has been called 'God's attitude of welcome'—was available for him.

It was when his past was dogging him, hunting him down, that he discovered something else close behind him-the goodness and mercy of God.

Yes, the past does pursue us—with the consequences of what we have been or not been—of what we have done or left undone. It is only bravado that makes the poet sing:

> All the past things are passed and over,
> The tasks are done and the tears are shed;

Yesterday's sins let yesterday
cover ;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted
and bled
Are healed with the healing that
night has shed.

That is only bravado ; we know it is not true. The religious thought of this country has rightly emphasized the fact that past things are not past and over.

Then how are we to think of it— the past with its failures and wilful mistakes, the consequences of which follow us relentlessly ? Remember that something else is following you, following you even more closely. As the Hebrew psalmist says, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life '. And nothing from your past can strike you, can stab you, through that shield, through the goodness and mercy of God. Through that shield the past cannot touch us to wreck and ruin us it can only make us all the more amazed that 'unto me the chief of sinners was this grace given ' and so set us more humbly and devotedly upon the pathway of God's service.

In these years of early manhood your idealism and enthusiasm dispel the mists of selfishness and convention and you catch a vision of the glittering heights on which alone your dreams can firmly rest. Henceforth that vision will inspire and direct your life ; you will pursue no road other than the way that climbs upward to the Celestial City.

*Note* :—Pages 1 to 24 of this Magazine must be 131 to 154

*Editor*

THE CAST OF HAMLET STAGED ON COLLEGE DAY

# THE PAVEMENT

## A GOOD FRIDAY PLAY.

(THE REV. T. G. PLATTEN)

### CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|---|
| CLAUDIUS | SENTRY |
| LUCIUS | BEGGAR |
| LONGINUS | NICODEMUS |
| 1ST CITIZEN | SERVETUS |
| 2ND CITIZEN | JOSEPH OF ARIMATHAEA |

THE MAN BORN BLIND

*SCENE : A place called The Pavement, but in Hebrew, Gabbatha, before the Palace of the Roman Governor in Jerusalem.*

*A sentry is on guard at the entrance to the Palace. In the foreground three Roman centurions, who have recently come off duty, are talking. We may name them Claudius, Lucius and Longinus.*

CLAUDIUS. So in the end, Lord Pilate sent him off,
You say, to Golgotha. Well, one Jew less,
What's that ? Yet I must say, I hate those priests
And all the stinking rabble that they brought
Howling like mangy curs, and swarming round
The Pavement here. But come, let's go and drink.
You'll need a draught of wine to wash the dust
Out of your throats.

LUCIUS. By Bacchus, yes ! The rats !
" We have no king but Caesar ! ", so they cried.
There is not one, if he but had the pluck,
That would not like to cut our Roman throats
As he would slit the gullet of a sheep.
Yet now, because it serves some end of spite,
They're loyal citizens !

CLAUDIUS. A Roman sword
Is what they need ! But tell me how things went
After I left to post the guard along
The wall. Longinus, you were in the court,
Who was this man they were so mad to kill ?

LONGINUS. Some prophet, so they say, of Galilee.
Harmless enough he looked, I thought. His eyes
Had a strange light in them, as though a fire
Burned there; but every word and gesture
Was most gentle. I would stake my oath
He was no rebel, like that murderous swine
Barabbas whom we took with his assassins
In that scrap near Jericho. But these priests
Swore by their god he called himself a king.

CLAUDIUS. A king! The charge was treason?

LONGINUS. So they said.
When Pilate had him in, asked was it true?
The man replied, "Dost thou say this thyself,
Or did they tell it thee concerning me?"
Pilate at that threw back his head and laughed,
"Am I a Jew? The priests of thine own nation
Delivered thee to me. What hast thou done?"
He said, "Not of this world am I a king,
Else would my servants fight." "Art thou a king, then?"
Pilate asked again. He bowed his head,
"Thou sayest that I am a king. To this
End was I born, to witness to the truth."
"Truth?" Pilate cried impatiently, "And what is truth?"
And stamped out to the mob.

LUCIUS. Yes, he came out,
In pretty evil temper, I could see,—
I was standing guard with half a company,
You understand, in case of trouble—
And beckoning to the crowd for silence, said,
"You have a custom here that at your feast
I should release some noted prisoner.
Will you that I release to you your king?"
At that, they started yelling like the fiend,
"No, no, not this man; let us have Barabbas."

CLAUDIUS. Barabbas! Did he let them have their will?

LUCIUS. He did.

CLAUDIUS. By Zeus! A pesty fellow that!
The trouble that he give us, gone for nought!
What then?

LUCIUS. Why, Pilate ordered us to scourge
The prisoner. He thought that might suffice
To quench the ardour of their hate. Of course
Our fellows thought it sport to bait

The Jewish king. Some wag plaited a crown
Of thorny twigs, and stuck it on his brow;
They put a purple coat on him, and cried,
" Hail, king!" striking and spitting in his face.
I'll say, although my stomach's pretty tough,
I felt a trifle sick. The fellow bore
Himself so patiently; nor wimpered once,
Nor spat a single curse at his tormentors.
I swear that in that tattered soldier's coat,
The crown of thorns awry upon his head,
With blood and spittle trickling down his beard,
The man yet, somehow, looked a king indeed!
But Zeus! That mob! When Pilate brought him out
And cried, " Behold the man! Behold your king!"
They surged up like a pack of starving wolves
Raiding a sheepfold in our Apennines,—
Our cordon scarce could hold them back—yelling
Like madmen, " Crucify him! Crucify him!"
" Take him yourselves," said Pilate, " for I find
No crime in him." " We have a law," cried out
Their priests, " And by that law he ought to die,
Because he made himself the Son of God."
I thought that Pilate blanched a shade at that.
He turned away and went back to the court.

LONGINUS. Ay, he came in again, and asked the man,
" Whence art thou?" but he gave him no reply.
" Speakest thou not?" said Pilate, " Dost thou know
I have the power to save thee or to kill?"
I could not take my eyes from the man's face;
It was so strangely calm. No shade of fear
Swept o'er his brow. He answered softly,
" Thou wouldst have no power against me were it not
Given thee from above. The greater sin
Is his who sent me here." Pilate, nonplussed,
Would have released him then. But it was then
The mob outside gave tongue, " We have no king
But Caesar! Whoso maketh him a king
Speaketh 'gainst Caesar. Thou art not Caesar's friend
If thou release this man." That was enough.
Our Pilate takes no chances there. Calling
The guard, he sat down on the judgement seat,
Gave them their will. Servetus with a squad
Was sent to take the man off, with those thieves,
The two who've been in clink the last five days,
To nail them up on Golgotha.

CLAUDIUS. Ah, well,
Small blame! He's scared stiff of those priests, I know;
But ruling men in this accursed land

Is no light task. I would not change my shoes
With Pontius Pilate for all Croesus' gold.
' Tis better that some harmless fool be hanged
Than that the priesthood raise a hornets' nest
About our ears with false appeals to Rome.

LONGINUS. It is not Roman justice, and no good
Will come of it, mark you my words.

CLAUDIUS. Who cares?
Come, what about that drink? By all the gods,
It's growing strangely dark. ' Tis scarcely noon,
But, look, the sun hangs like a copper ball,
As I have seen it oft at eventide,
From Tiber's marshes, ere it takes its plunge
' Neath the sea's rim. There is a sultry feel
About the air, too. Earthquake weather, this.
Gods! Felt you that shock? The walls rocked twice.

LUCIUS. A stone fell from the battlement. That sky
Has all the tints of hell. This is some portent.

LONGINUS. Mayhap there's more in it than bears clear thought.
Almost it seems that Nature cries against
The deed done here to-day. "He called himself
The Son of God," that's what they said, those priests.
Let's go.

*They go out. The sentry alone is left. It grows darker. A group of citizens enter hurriedly, and make as though they would gain entrance to the Palace.*

SENTRY. Halt!

1st CITIZEN. We must see the Governor. We must; at once.

SENTRY. Well, you can't. Orders is, no one comes into the Palace without a pass.

1st CITIZEN. But we are envoys from the High Priest.

SENTRY. I don't care if you're the blinking High Priest himself. You don't get in here, see?

1st CITIZEN. Impertinent fellow! Where's your officer?

SENTRY. Officer? Oh, 'e's gone off to get a drink, along with the others. What I could do with too, You don't 'alf get a thirst walking up and down on this bleeding pavement. If you want him you'd better run and catch him up. He's only just gone. That way.

*(They go out)*

Oh, them sheenies! I ain't 'alf fed up with this ruddy place. Always some sort of ructions on. If they aren't having a nice little rebellion, they're scrapping among themselves. Now there's a blessed earthquake or something on top of it. Give me good old Tuscany.

*(He starts to whistle under his breath, but stops suddenly as his officer returns with the citizens.)*

1st CITIZEN. But, Captain, you must convey our request to His Excellency. They have put up the accusation on a board, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." It is an insult to our nation. Pray ask His Excellency to alter it to "This man said, I am King of the Jews."

LUCIUS. I will ask. *(Enters the Palace.)*

2nd CITIZEN. Do you think it was written so purposely to insult us? I would not put that beyond our friend Pontius Pilate.

1st CITIZEN. Hush. It were better not to say so here.

*(A lame beggar has hobbled up to the group. The 1st citizen draws his robe away, exclaiming angrily to the beggar:)*

Look, scum! Keep your distance, can't you?

BEGGAR. Oh, Sirs, tell me what they have done with Jesus. I heard the soldiers were taking him away. Am I too late? I wanted to see him so. They say one has only to touch the border of his garment, to be made whole.

2nd CITIZEN. Ha! ha! that's rich. He won't heal any more, that's certain. Let him heal himself now, if he can!

1st CITIZEN. Yes, he saved others; let him save himself. As for you, get you gone. God has duly punished you for your sins, no doubt.

*(The beggar cringes back. The officer returns.)*

LUCIUS. His Excellency begs that you will present his compliments to the High Priest, and return this answer. "What I have written, I have written." You have His Excellency's leave to go.

*(He salutes and goes out. The citizens exclaim angrily, turn and go, one striking viciously at the lame man who is in his way, knocking away his crutch. The beggar remains huddled up. We notice a well dressed passer-by who entered a few moments before and observed this scene.)*

NICODEMUS. (*Picking up and restoring the crutch*)
Come friend, here, take your crutch. So you sought Jesus ?
Alas, like mine, your seeking is too late.

BEGGAR. You seek him Sir ?

NICODEMUS. I would that I had sought before.
I might have. Once I knew him well. My name
Is Nicodemus. Often I have sat
Beneath the trees on yonder Olivet,
Or on some quiet roof top, while the stars
Kept silent watch, and listened to the words
Which fell like precious pearls from his pure lips.
He spoke of a new birth. " Except a man
Be born anew," he said, "he cannot see
God's kingdom." How can such things be, I thought,
Must we, the chosen seed of Abraham,
Be born again ? My pride of race rebelled.
I went away. Yet all the while I knew
He spake the truth. For how can holy God,
The pure, ineffable, rule in men's hearts,
When pride and malice and the lust of power
Corrupt the very spring and fount of thought,
And poison deeds ?

BEGGAR Oh, Sir, would that new birth
Restore my legs ?

NICODEMUS I crave thy pardon, friend.
My errant thoughts had flown too far away.
I had forgot thy present need. But, come,
If science can avail, the skilfulest
Physician in Jerusalem shall mend
Thy hurt. At least in this I'll follow him
Who helped the poor, the maimed, the dumb, the blind
To find new life and hope. Yet what avail
Sound limbs when hearts are sick ? The fools, the fools,
Blind fools! The light was come into the world,
But loving darkness men have quenched the light ,
Lest evil deeds should be reproved. Come, come !

*They go out. The sentry continues at his post. The darkness is passing. The three centurions return.*

CLAUDIUS This thin Judaean wine serves well enough
To quench a thirst ; but there's no body in it.
Give me the juice of our Italian vines.
The darkness passes, think you not ?

LUCIUS Why, yes,
It's lighter. Has Servetus not returned ?

LONGINUS That's his squad coming now, I think.

SERVETUS *(Off)* Squad, halt!
Dismiss! *(He enters.)*

LONGINUS Servetus! Man, you look distraught.
Is aught amiss?

SERVETUS Longinus, I have seen
That which for many fearful days will haunt
My dreams and banish friendly sleep. That man—

CLAUDIUS The Jewish rebel, Jesus?

SERVETUS Was more than man.
A glory shone about him as he hung
There on the hill. Even the lustful mob
Ravening for his blood was moved to silence.
In my time I have nailed up many men,
And heard them curse and scream, and little recked—
For justice must be served, and evil deeds
Deserve an evil death—but never one
Met death as this man. As the nails were driven
He shrieked no curse, but moved his lips in prayer,
Begging forgiveness for his murderers;
And, through the twisted lines of pain, his face
Shone with a deep compassion, just as though
'Twere we, not he, who needed pitying.
And when the cross was raised and set erect,
The quivering burden of the flesh it bore
Still had an attitude of majesty.
The rabble mocked at first, and the two thieves
On either side mixed jeers with their own groans.
But soon a silence fell; only the sobs
Of weeping women at the cross's foot,
And the slow drip of blood on stone were heard.
The day grew dark, as if the sun would hide
Its face from such a scene. A baleful glare
Lit up the straining figures 'gainst the sky.
God, it was awful, watching there.

CLAUDIUS Come man,
Take heart. A soldier should not fear to see
Men die.

SERVETUS It was not death, but that man's death
I feared. Claudius, he was too pure to die.
When at the last, with a loud cry, the soul
Fled from his tortured flesh, the whole earth shook.
What was it those priests said?

LONGINUS "He called himself
The Son of God."

SERVETUS He was the Son of God,
And heaven mourned his end.

CLAUDIUS How can God die?
But look, here comes another of these Jews.

(*Enter Joseph of Arimathaea and another.*)

LUCIUS Well, what is your request?

JOSEPH Sir, I have come
To beg a favour of His Excellency:
The body of the man you crucified.

LUCIUS This Jesus? Are you of his friends?

JOSEPH I am;
And I would give his body burial.
I ask a warrant from the Governor
To show the guard.

LUCIUS It is our Roman rule
That those condemned to die should hang aloft
For many days, as warning of the fate
Which comes to all who break the law of Rome.
But in this case maybe His Excellency
Will make exception. I will ask.

(*He enters the palace.*)

CLAUDIUS So you
Were one of that man's friends? You knew him well?

JOSEPH He was my Lord. We hoped that it was he,
By prophets in our sacred books foretold,
Who should deliver Israel from its woe.

CLAUDIUS You foolish folk are ever led astray
By crazy prophecies. When Roman rule
Would bring your people peace from jangling sects
And bloody civil strife, you must give heed
To every fiery preacher who gets up,
And calls himself a saviour sent by God.
Rome is the only saviour we allow.

JOSEPH Sir, Jesus would have saved men from themselves,
Not Rome. He taught that God must hold His sway
In human hearts; that those who seek His face
Must rule their lives by love.

CLAUDIUS A foolish dream.
The world is ruled by fear, not love. But why
Should your priests hate him so for this?

JOSEPH Because he showed that love must rise above
All customs and all rites which men have bound
Upon themselves. He welcomed as his friends
The publicans and sinners in the streets,
Whom reverend doctors of the Holy Law
Have held accursed by God. He healed sick folk
Who begged him, even on the seventh day,
When by our Law men should refrain from work.
From causes such as these their hatred grew;
For those in power know that their power is gone,
If love should break the bonds which hold men down;
And those who cling to ways outworn and old
Hate teachers of new truth.

CLAUDIUS Men always hate
Those who disturb the things they hold as sacred.
The path of wisdom leaves such things alone
Your teacher pays for folly with his death.

(*Lucius re-enters.*)

LUCIUS Here is your permit to remove the corpse.
And lest a further riot should ensue
His Excellency enjoins a watch be set
About the tomb, until the feast is past.
I will call out the guard.

JOSEPH I thank you, Sir.

(*Joseph and Lucius go out. Servetus notices the other man who came in behind Joseph.*)

SERVETUS Did you, too, call that holy man your Lord?

THE OTHER My Lord, and more than Lord

SERVETUS What do you mean?

THE OTHER I was born blind, and never saw the sun,
And all the golden glory of the noon,
The waving trees, the dancing rivers run,
The stars at night encircling the moon;
I never saw a smiling mother's face
Look down at infant sleeping on her breast;
I never saw the beauty and the grace
Of children playing with their youthful zest.

Then Jesus touched my eyes, who was born blind,
And now I see; and see with clearer sight,
Not only of the eyes, but of the mind;
I see, through all the darkness of this night
Which spreads its gloom and terror on the earth,
The dawning of a new and purer day
In which Christ's fairer kingdom comes to birth.
"If I be lifted up," I heard him say,
"I will draw all men unto me." The hour
Will come when temple, zealot, scribe and priest,
When even Rome with all its pomp and power,
Will be forgotten dust, their fever ceased;
New empires will arise; but men will still
Call Jesus Lord; and this same tree of shame,
The Cross which stands so gaunt on Calvary's hill,
Will prove the throne from which he comes to reign
Over the hearts of sinful men, and win
Reprieve for sad world from that dread doom
Which fell from our first father Adam's sin.
Good Joseph begs his body for the tomb:
No tomb can hold that body in its prison;
No grave can win a victory in this fight;
Come the third day, the cry rings, "He is risen;"
To all the world's blind eyes he brings the light.

# THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN MODERN ENGLISH POETRY*

A. F. THYAGARAJU, M.A.

The richly varied content of modern English poetry includes a religious element that deserves our attention. But what do we mean by the religious element? Ought we to give the word "Religion" a very broad definition and imply by it "whatever introduces genuine perspective into the piecemeal and shifting episodes of existence" as the modern philosopher does? Or do we allude to our apprehension of the world of external phenomena and of that other world of ultramundane reality of which we can become aware, or shall we still further restrict "religion" to a conscious relationship between the human soul and a Being whom we call God, and more especially to God as revealed in Jesus Christ? Any of these definitions would provide sufficient matter for examination, but for practical purposes it would appear more useful to confine ourselves to religious ideas in the stricter sense and observe how modern poetry gives expression to them.

The poet with his power to penetrate into the depth of things cannot but be conscious of the supernatural element in life. He would, greatly daring, like to have a glimpse of what angels desire to look into. Like Milton in his "Vacation Exercise" he would soar above the wheeling poles and at Heaven's door look in and see each blissful deity. And whether he grasps Reality as Beauty and with Shelley gazes on Nature's naked loveliness Actaeon-like, or as Goodness and worships with Wordsworth the Power who preserves the stars from wrong or as the ever-beckoning Truth which all men seek, the Master Mind unto whom Mind should be precious, he is still comprehending something of the incomprehensible nature of God.

But religious experience is not confined to poets and every poet has not had an experience which is definite enough to be called religious. The first of these truths is easily illustrated from our hymnody. Every sensitive reader or singer is pained by the dull prosaicness of the vast majority of hymns. If I may quote some words of mine published elsewhere: "Of all forms of poetry religious verse is probably the most difficult to write. It requires an unusual combination—genuine experience, artistic power, a high imagination and the gift of tongues. This is well indicated by the low poetic quality of the average hymn book, in which, by contrast with the baser metal, the pure gold of a Tersteegen or a Bernard of Clairvaux shines with dazzling brilliance." The second truth is also evident to the student of poetry. How difficult it is for even the most ardent admirer of a great poet to declare that he is "religious" except in the more general sense stated above! Some of our greatest names elude such definition; this may indicate their greatness and enhance our admiration;

* Based on a paper read at a meeting of the English Association, December 3, 1938.

it may equally elicit our pity. But the modern poet who has sought and found and lost himself in his discovery has a distinguished ancestry. He is in a line of prophets and seers to whom poetry is the only possible vehicle of religious truth.

The mystical tradition in English poetry dates back to very early times. If this ever-widening river is to be traced to its source the track leads East, and the traveller soon arrives within the confines of medieval Latin culture, which is itself an amalgam of pagan and Christian elements, and proceeding through the spheres of Hellenic influence and across the Bosporus he reaches the cradle of civilisation in the Asiatic continent. The Latin, Greek and Asiatic strains can be clearly perceived in mystic poetry. Richard Rolle, Langland, Lydgate, Spencer, Donne, Herrick, Herbert, Milton, Crashaw, Cowper, Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, the Brownings, Whittier, Tennyson, Patmore and Christina Rossetti are a few of the prominent "religious" poets of earlier times. Of these the 17th century metaphysicals who include Fletcher, Traherne and Vaughan are the most important, for in them we find an individual and varied devout poetry based on fundamental religious experience.

But a more immediate influence on our own day is that body of Catholic tradition which the 20th century received as part of its heritage from the late Victorians. The Oxford Movement was the first symptom of a protest against sectarianism and unbelief, and an attempt to stem the tide of anarchy that was invading life and thought. The Catholic poets harked back to the authority of the Middle Ages, to a theological view of of the world; they all underwent some sort of conversion and tended to an emotional utterance that involved experiment in imagery and rhythm and was gorgeously tapestried. Coventry Patmore, Alice Meynell and, most noteworthy of all, Francis Thompson are the true children of this tradition. Gerard M. Hopkins also belongs here.

Today there is a Catholic Revival which attracts many. From the bewilderments of modern life some find refuge in the assurance of the Catholic Church. All lovers of beauty are drawn to the artistic ritual and the symbolic dogma of the Church of Rome. T. S. Eliot and Herbert Read may be said to be affected by this revival.

To those who entered the 20th century indifferent to such a tradition, or wrapped up in their own materialism, the Great War administered a severe shock, before which the facile theories of perfectibility and steady progress through science and culture broke down. It is in this sense that Anna Wickham thanks God for war and fire, to burn the silly objects of desire. And when men stood face to face with the diabolism that is modern war, when they saw something of man's inhumanity to man as well as the divinity in him, then they felt in some strange way that God was close to them. Lucy Whitnell in a poem published in the Spectator in July 1916 entitled "Christ in Flanders" gave expression to this feeling. "We had forgotten you or very nearly, you did not seem to touch us very nearly" she says addressing Christ. But all the while He walked among men. "Can there be other folk as blind as we?". But the War, at least partially, destroyed this blindness.

But it is not only in the trenches or on the howling wastes of fire-swept Flanders that the discerning eye sees Him. One of the features of modern poetry is that the poet sees God in everything—in the beauty of Nature as well as in the bustle of city life, in the marvel of the machine or the atom, in the outpouring of life on the altar of King or country or the shout of the newspaper boy, in the strength of the strong man or the hearts of little children. Never before have we had such a band of seers who have opened our eyes to vistas of the eternal Presence in common things. Thus Evelyn Underhill the modern mystic and authority on Mysticism, watching the mighty shuttle which every day takes thousands of city workers to London and back, like that which takes our clerks from Mambalam or Villivakkam to Madras, discerns in her "Uxbridge Road" the hand of the Shepherd who controls that tremendous movement so typical of modern life. She sees in mystic vision the Drover of the Soul, like Francis Thompson who saw the traffic of Jacob's ladder pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

The modern attitude to God sometimes uses the language of a transcendentalism which is apt to confuse the infinite with the indefinite. Thus Alice Meynell in a short poem which recalls Emerson's "B r a h m a" concludes with the words:

Access, Approach
Art Thou, Time, Way and Wayfarer.

A similar philosophical confusion, if it may be so called, underlies the poet's inability to distinguish the view that God is in everything from the theory that God is everything. The soul that has lost its bearings or its balance is apt to cry out "I am Thou", as W. F. Stead, sometime Chaplain of Worcester, does in "The Infinity of His Ways". He hears a cricket, a robin, an owl, a dog, a cock, a heifer—"voice after voice and every voice is thine". For this we have nothing but admiration, but when he comes to the conclusion: "Lo, I somehow am Thou" one is reminded of the story of a certain philosopher in Masulipatam who used to pester a friend of mine with his visits. "Do you see that tree?" he would ask, "that is myself, and I am God", until one day a donkey passed by. "Do you see that ass?" asked my friend, "That is yourself" and with that the philosopher never turned up again.

Free from such slush and incoherence is AE's trust in the God who inspires him to great tasks. With true Celtic genius he weaves myth and legend into religious symbolism, while his practical turn of mind is revealed in "Desire".

But not always does God appear in the traditional way, in the expected manner. Evelyn Underhill, in language of striking simplicity and beauty shows in "Immanence" how God comes to us in the little things, not borne on morning wings of majesty. He forsakes His starry wings Love's highway of humility to take, and pleads about our gates until He achieves His immemorial plan, passes the low lintel of the human heart.

And we believe that it is in Christ that we have the supreme revelation of God, and one most adequate to human need. Some of the poets writing today may not like to be called Christians but nevertheless they feel the fascination of the story of Jesus Christ. Lilian Cox sees the soft light from the stable door and the Wise Men's star burning for evermore. A little Child has brought light to all

the peoples of the earth, she declares, and

> Whatever clouds may veil the sky
> Never is night again.

Laurence Housman expresses the thought that to no other world than ours was vouchsafed the gift of the Incarnation. The answering thought occurs in Alice Meynell's "Christ in the Universe". In the eternities she expects to hear a million alien gospels, in what guise He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

Various aspects of the Birth Story are dealt with in modern poetry. G. K. Chesterton in his "House of Christmas" points out how God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.

> To an open house in the evening
> Home shall men come,
> To an older place than Eden
> And a taller town than Rome.

The familiar story of the Wise Men from the East is presented from a new angle in T. S. Eliot's "The Journey of the Magi". It stresses this truth: that things cannot be the same after Christ's birth. An extraordinary person had come into the world, one who said that he congratulated the person who did not get upset by him.

Robert Graves has a fine poem on Christ in the Wilderness in which he describes how the Master spoke soft words of grace to the lost desert folk—the bittern, the pelican, the basilisk and the cockatrice and most significant of all the guileless old scapegoat which followed him closely and wept like a lover.

Then we come to Passion Week. Men have gazed with wonder at the Cross and have found it difficult not to cry out:

> Blest Cross, Blest Sepulchre,
> Blest rather be
> The Man that there was put to shame for me.

Christ rides into the ancient City and Chesterton elaborates a theme which other writers have used as well, that the Lord needed the services of a lowly animal. In "The Donkey" the poet shows us that the despised animal had its day when there were shouts about its ears and palms before its feet.

Christ enters the Garden and endures that agony which all men have called divine. Sydney Lanier reveals a sensitive imagination in his "Ballad of the woods and the Master", the woods which were kinder to him than his own countrymen.

> And when Death and Shame would woo Him, last,
> From under the trees they drew Him, last,
> And on a tree they slew Him, last,
> When out of the woods He came.

He is crucified. Madeleine Rock describes the Cross in language which reminds us of the Anglo-Saxon Dream of the Rood, and similarly the spirit of the Old English "Andreas" is seen in Ezra Pound's "Ballad of the Goodly Fere". Egbert Sanford and Richard Le Gallienne tell us something of what it means to believe in the power of Christ's resurrection.

To the believer in the risen Lord the terror of death has lost its sting. John B. Tabb in his "Confided" expresses this faith as he confides a little lamb to the care of the Good Shepherd. H. B. Lowry looks forward to some richer sphere of service in his "Prayer at Death". He was only some part of the flower of a poor weed, but he hopes a great wind will bear him to some richer soil.

The poems mentioned so far are full of feeling; they are sincere in their orthodoxy. But there are not wanting poets who have expressed heterodox opinions. Edwin J. Ellis is concerned with the old problem: how can Christ be both God and Man? He distinguishes Christ the less who is Joseph's son from the God who dwelt in him but abandoned him on Calvary. By this dichotomy of one personality he misses the whole meaning of the Incarnation. Harold Monro has a rather striking comparison of Christ and Cupid in his "Children of Love". The holy boy meets "that rogue of the lovely world, that other beautiful child whom the Virgin Venus bare". Is not Cupid holy like Jesus; is the latter afraid of his arrows? Cupid lets fly an arrow at the boy for fun. "But holiness will not change its melancholy ways" according to Monro. This phrase reminds us in its error of Swinburne's "pale Galilean". But the distinction between Agape and Eros, between Love and Lust is an eternal distinction.

The late W. B. Yeats, whose recent death every true lover of poetry will mourn, was of the opinion that England has had more good poets from 1900 to the present day than during any period of the same length from the early 17th century. My survey will enable the reader to realise that at large number of them are writing on religious themes, though I have had to leave out such outstanding poems as The Testament of Beauty or The Everlasting Mercy or Eliot's Ash Wednesday. What is the value of religious verse? It may be asked. Merely this, that it reveals the hidden beauty of God's world, nay shares in the creative process itself, and maintains idealism without which we must perish.

> It is enough that through Thy grace
>
> I saw naught common on Thy earth

said Kipling. This is the experience of every religious poet and it is that which makes his work so significant.

# A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

My Dear Mr. Editor, Sir,
I very much wish to be a Contributor.
Is it not the height of one's glory
To be a sailor on the Sea of Poetry ?
But, the pity is, — I'm not very clever
In writing with rhyme and rhythm and metre.
But, still, I think, I shall have a try,
—In a trial one needn't spend a pie—
And, if, with great efforts, let us suppose,
I manage a doggerel to compose,
And if it is known by "the Head" —Mr. Boyd,
Which is a calamity we can't avoid,
Oh! what will happen?—None can foresee
What punishment he will impose on me
"No, no", he'll say; "We shouldn't allow
Such writing any more by this fellow.
I've determined to punish all the students
Who thus display their impudence."
Mr. Macphail will say, "I never thought
This fellow will squander his time writing rot;
I knew beforehand that he's very silly,
This doggerel shows it convincingly."
Mr. Martin will grow red; "I don't like to see
Such a mass of nonsense from anybody.
I've not any doubt —he's a huge disgrace,
A fountain of dishonour to the whole of his race."
Mr. Matthews will laugh: "Here's a foolish fellow,
Evidently a worse fool than even Malvolio."
Whatever Mr. Thyagarajan might say,
I wish 'twouldn't fall in his way.
It will infuriate our Mr. Zacharias:
"This boy is evidently an ass."
Srinivasa Rao will condemn it outright:
"Such idiotic fellows can never be right."
The fourth honours men will loudly proclaim
"To all of us he's indeed a shame.
Why, why—his poem will never be read.
What our Jansen writes is more widely read.
He can't command such beauty and brevity
As we discover in Ramchandra Agasty."
Jansen himself will declare in class:
"It is of the standard of an eight-year-old lass."

Victor Pavamani and S. Padmanabhan,
Will come to me, saying "Hey, Madhavan !
What in the world did you have in your mind
To produce nonsense of this worthless kind ? "
And third honours youngsters heaving a sigh :
"We are, anyday, better than this guy."
The Editor says :— "This is fantastic,
Intolerable,— awkward,—unartistic.
Despite my warning, he continues so,
His future fate — I do not know."
Excuse me, Sir ; No need to worry ;
If I offend, I am extremely sorry.
I began writing, – something personal and chatty,
Something awfully nice, new, neat and natty.
Please consider the case of a young poetaster,
Without pretensions of a veritable master.
My dear Sir,— I have done you my best ;
Do as you like — reject or accept.
But, a small request, — in case you reject,
Please do keep it an absolute secret.

MADHAVA MENON,

*Hons. 4 Br. VII.*

# HAMLET

By Call Boy.

In the March issue of the College Magazine last year in an article on "Play-Acting at Tambaram" Mr. Macphail hinted that an abridged form of "Hamlet" might be acted at the formal opening of the new Anderson Hall and we saw the final result of this idea in the production of this play presented on the 13th January, Old Boys' Day. Meetings had already been held in the Hall and one entertainment—the Kathakali dancers. But this was the first entertainment given by the College.

Even before the conclusion of the last academic year a few chosen spirits were singled out to read up Hamlet during the Long Vacation; however, casting proper was only made at the end of the first term and rehearsals begun with the second term. This long drilling made the actors almost completely word-perfect and even a little mechanical; but it was necessary because of the length of the production. About half of the play was 'cut' including all the Ophelia and Fortinbras scenes and the graveyard scene; still, what was left represented two hours continuous acting.

The producer was Mr. Macphail. We have been told that Hamlet is his favourite play which, among other things, doubtless accounted for the immense pains he took. He gave lavishly of his time and interest; and the very successful direction was entirely due to his experienced stage-craft. At least half the reason why the play was a success was because of his guidance, and that it was a success was doubtless his best reward.

Many felt, however, that it was not an unqualified success, and this feeling was due solely to one fact; that large parts of the play were not perfectly audible to the audience,—especially those parts which took place in the inner stage, that is beyond the drop curtains. In our next production (for there must be another) the actors must from the very first rehearsal, aim at audibility more than at anything else. The stage in the Anderson Hall is deep and wide and high, and there is nothing which acts as a sounding-board; so that it is exceedingly difficult to make oneself heard except at the very front of the stage.

Two microphones were placed in the wings to counteract this effect, but on the day itself they seemed to have been out of commission. The lighting was very satisfactory and the use of the blue lights for the moon-light scenes really effective.

The names of the cast will be found at the conclusion of this account. There were many preliminary doubts whether Chandran, as Hamlet, would be able to 'carry' this heavy character; however, he rose to the occasion magnificently and gave a sincere performance, with the unfortunate exception of the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, the high-light in the play, which sounded rather trite and hollow. Chandran's

performance gave backbone and stability to the whole performance. Balasundram, as Polonius, extracted the last drop of feeling and comedy from his role, which he built up solely by his own ingenuity and imagination. Claudius, Kuryan Abraham, was largely inaudible during the first part; he somewhat made up for this by his authentic repentance in the 'Praying' scene. Feminine roles, when represented by men, are always difficult: Govindan as Queen Gertrude made the best of a bad job and sobbed quiet touchingly in the scene in her bedroom. Of the other characters might be mentioned the Ghost, who was really eerie; Horatio, who could have put more life into his acting and Laertes, more fire and impetuosity.

The audience was on the whole attentive, but not very sympathetic. We have been told that some of them found it difficult to follow Elizabethan verse; this is probably the reason why they laughed at precisely the wrong moment; and the last fifty lines of the play were hardly listened to. A military trumpeter provided the flourishes and his over-long blasts invariably upset the audience for what followed.

The extremely colourful costumes were designed by Mrs. Barnes and were made by her with assistance from Mrs. Platten. They both did wonders with cheap five-annas-a-yard China Bazaar silk; the costumes of Hamlet and Horatio, Queen Gertrude and Osric, along with the King's cloak, stand out for special mention. We must thank Mrs. Barnes for her very helpful suggestions during the rehearsals, and both her and Mrs. Platten for the time and trouble they spent over the costumes.

The make-up was done by the College expert Mr. F. Manickam, perhaps a little too liberal in his grease paint and eye-shadow.

Pains were taken to provide incidental music of a type contemporary with the time of action of the play; to which, of course, nobody listened.

The job of producing the play was very good fun while it lasted: there was the thrill of the night rehearsals and all the glamour of being behind the scenes. The actors and helpers were soon formed into one happy company by the usual defeats and disappointments and surprises: such as the necessity of having to use heavy cavalry sabres in the fencing scenes; the unfortunate shortness of some of the stockings and the painful anxiety of the call-boys and property men to see that nobody and nothing was missing. Much of the enthusiasm came direct from the producer to whom, once again, praise must be given for his untiring labour to make this production of Hamlet the smooth, technically perfect performance that it was.

One last word: the performance of a full-length play should not, we feel, come at the end of a public meeting, as was the case on Old Boys' Day. The audience was restless and bored and the company was reduced to a state of almost diddering incompetence waiting for the long speeches to end,-half an hour beyond the appointed time. We conclude by repeating the plea made by Mr. Macphail in his former article that the College Dramatic Society should be refounded; it now has a stock of useful costumes to fall back on; and its existence might have made the cast of "Hamlet" more representative than it was.

**The Cast:—**

| | |
|---|---|
| K. Abraham | ... *Claudius.* |
| P. J. Chandran | ... *Hamlet.* |
| V. Balasundram | ... *Polonius.* |
| Anujan Rajah | ... *Horatio.* |
| Clement Paul | ... *Laertes.* |
| Narayana Menon (and *Bernardo*) | ... *Rosencrantz.* |
| Kunjunni Nair (and *Francisco*) | ... *Guildenstern.* |
| Madhava Menon (and *Player Queen*). | ... *Osric.* |
| P. Anantanarayanan | ... *Marcellus.* |
| Nalini Kanta Rao | ... *Player King.* |
| V. Pavamani | ... *Lucianus.* |
| C. V. Charles | ... *1st and 2nd Messenger and Sailor.* |
| Govindan | ... *Queen Gertrude.* |
| P. P. Pandian | ... *Ghost.* |

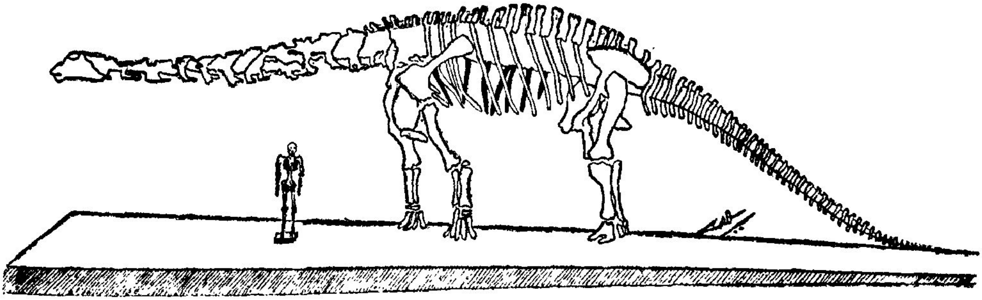
*Stage Hands*:—Benjamin, Jacob Cherian, Kasturi Rangan, Ramakrishnan, Nilakanta, Hunt, Jansen.

# FOSSIL-HUNTING

By S. Krupananda Reddy, *Hons. 4, Br-vii*

Fossils are the remains of animals, that lived and died millions of years ago, which have been preserved through countless ages in rocks that formed, while the animals were still living and kept on forming long after they had died. If the bodies of the extinct animals had been exposed to the air it is quite certain that they would have crumbled into dust long ago; but nature stepped in and preserved them for all time to come by forming layers of rock over their surface. Actually fossils are to be found only in the deep layers of the earth's crust, but due to volcanic upheavals, earthquakes, and other such natural phenomena, these layers of rock have, in some places, been forced almost to the surface and have thus made it possible for palaeontologists to record their facts.

Fossilised remains are usually to be found in the beds of dried-up rivers, rocky gorges, hills, dry prairies and desert land. Therefore we can well imagine the difficulties that will beset a fossil-hunter when he has to toil in such places. But nothing can daunt the real fossil-hunter or the palaeontologist who is determined to discover fossilised remains for the purpose of furthering his own investigations and substantiating his own theories. It is very interesting to know the way in which these fossil-hunters work. When an expedition reaches a place where fossils are likely to be found, the chief prospector goes out and makes a preliminary survey, then looks carefully at the soil, makes test holes, and finally selects a few places to be excavated. Sometimes the work of excavation might be carried on for months together without revealing anything. Then just when the prospector is about to leave in despair he might discover a valuable deposit or perhaps the grave of several animals, in which case the value of his find might have far reaching results in the scientific world.



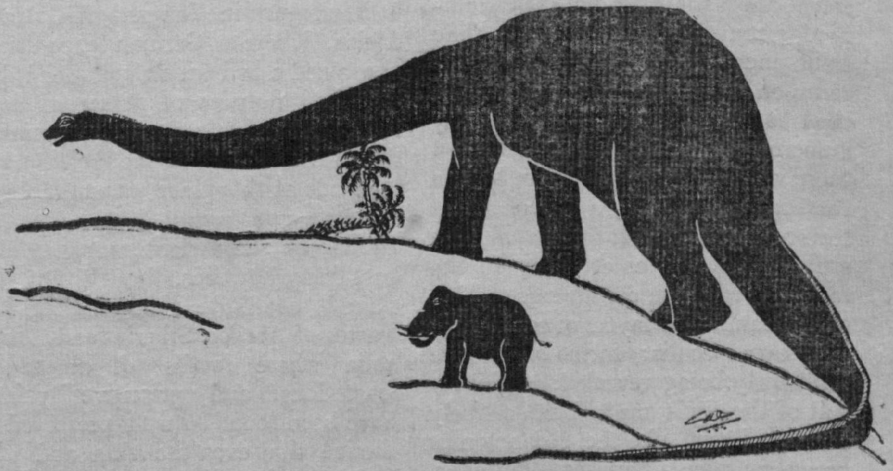
When the skeleton of a prehistoric animal has been found the next step is to secure the bones. Most often it is only a heap of bone fragments, intermingled confusedly and spread over a wide area, that is found. In

such a case the fossil hunter has to bear in mind the form and relations of each bone and the picture of the skeleton as it must have originally appeared. Then he has to separate the bones and pick out the right ones from the rest, number them and pack them up to be carried away. Where huge masses of bone are caught firmly within the rocky bed, the hunter has an even more difficult task. It must gradually cut away the surrounding stone until the bone stands out distinctly. Then the softer parts of the bone are hardened with shellac or gum and the exposed surfaces protected with a layer of tissue paper pasted on. Next a plaster jacket is applied consisting of strips of coarse canvas cloth dipped in plaster-of-paris and pasted over the surface until all sides of the bone except its base (which is still part of the rock layer) have been completely covered. When the jacket sets and dries the block of bone becomes stiff and can be lifted up without breaking. The bone is then knocked off from its base and its under surface treated like the rest. The block is now ready for packing. Sometimes these blocks were longer and heavier than the complete skeleton of a man, and the heaviest single block ever discovered was the head of a Triceratops, a prehistoric rhinoceros which weighed over three tons. At the Museum the bones are prepared for reconstruction. The plaster jacket is removed, the bone is cleansed thoroughly and the cracked parts are cemented together with plaster. If the interior of the bone has rotted away it is scraped out and the cavity filled with plaster cement while the surface pieces are reset again. Sometimes a steel rod is set into the plaster filling the interior of the bone to strengthen it further. Finally the bone is repeatedly soaked in shellac until it can soak no more. The bone is now ready to be mounted.

The reconstruction of these ponderous skeletons can only be done by specialists under the careful supervision of a palaeontologist who knows how the bones must have been originally put together by nature. Scaffoldings with tackles and steel chains are also necessary to lift the massive bones into their proper positions. By the time the bones are sorted out and mounted years may elapse which shows the extremely difficult nature of the task and its many puzzling problems. In one instance, when a brontosaurus, a lizard of the Jurassic age, was discovered, it took two years for the bones to be assembled and the missing ones restored and another three years for the skeleton to be mounted. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that a reconstruction of a skeleton is seldom attempted unless at least two-thirds of it is present, for it has been discovered by experience that too much of plaster restoration can lead to some exceedingly queer forms.

Some of the most famous fossil hunters were Walter Granger who stumbled across deposits belonging to the Jurassic age, (which flourished 14,500,000 years ago) in the desert stretches of Wyoming, America; Sternberg who hit upon many fossil deposits in several places in Kansas, Texas and Wyoming, Henry Fairfield Osborn who discovered a number of sites including the rich fossil bed at Como Bluffs, Wyoming, and Barnum Brown who came across numerous finds along the banks of the Red Deer River in Alberta, Canada from information supplied to him by a casual visitor to the New York Museum of Natural History. The

richest fossil deposit so far discovered lies in the Laramie Plains, between the Rocky Mountains and the Laramie Range, in South-Central Wyoming, at the head of a small valley not far from the Medicine Bow River. The discovery was made in 1897, through pure accident by Mr. Walter Granger who more or less stumbled across it when going over the "Bad Lands" of Wyoming with a party of adventurers. When the party came to a small valley lying near the Medicine Bow River they found a disused sheep-herder's cabin constructed of what looked like huge boulders of stone. Looking down at the pile of "boulders" that had once been part of the cabin, Mr. Granger was struck by their singular appearance. He stooped down and picked up a small piece and after examining it for a while suddenly exclaimed that it was part of a fossilised bone. Certain that the "boulders" were from the ground near by, Mr. Granger set to work and after a few hours discovered a massive bone, the remains of a prehistoric dinosaur. In this way the greatest single fossil bed ever discovered was opened up for the benefit of science. The bed was immediately christened Bone-cabin Quarry. It is two hundred and seventy four feet deep and up to now only a few feet have been excavated. Yet these few feet have revealed no less than seventy four extinct animals, the majority of which were dinosaurs, and it is left to be imagined what more the rest of the bed is still to reveal.



Another singularly rich discovery, only second in importance to the Bone-Cabin Quarry, was made recently in Red Deer Canyon in Alberta, Canada. When Mr. J. L. Wagner visited the Reptile Department in the American Museum of Natural History at New York in 1908, he remarked quietly that he had seen near his ranch in Red Deer Canyon, bones similar to those exhibited in the department. The authorities, who were ever eager to pick up trails that might lead to new discoveries, pricked up their ears at this and immediately began questioning Mr. Wagner who gave them every information they required. In the following year an

expedition under Mr. Barnum Brown visited Mr. Wagner's ranch and discovered fossilised remains of the Cretaceous age along the banks of the Red Deer River just as Mr. Wagner had told them. Encouraged by the richness of their finds the party decided to make an extensive search along the whole course of the river. As the river flowed through a Canyon (the Red Deer Canyon) three hundred to five hundred feet deep and over a mile wide at the top, journey by land along its course was impossible. So the party decided to travel by boat on the river itself and collect fossils as they went. Accordingly in the spring of 1909 they started from Red Deer Town in a specially-built flat-boat, twelve feet by thirty feet in dimensions and with a carrying capacity of eight tons. Their method was to travel down the river until they reached a convenient place where they could anchor their boat and form a camp on the shore while they searched both banks. In this way numerous fossils were collected until there was scarcely any space left in the boat. The work was continued for several years but the fossils are still as plenteous as ever due to the fact that with the continuous erosion of the banks new layers of rocks with their own peculiar forms of life are constantly being revealed. As a result of the finds made here entirely new specimens, like the Monoclonius or a new type of created dinosaur, hitherto unknown to science have been reconstructed and restored and it remains to be seen what more peculiar forms of life the "Banks" are yet to reveal, as they certainly will.

Perhaps one of the most unique of the discoveries is that which was recently made in distant Mongolia by Roy Chapman Andrews where the actual eggs of a dinosaur were found lying beside the mummified remains of the dinosaur mother herself. There were six eggs in one place, nine in another and twenty in yet another. It is assumed that the dinosaur must have laid the eggs on the sand to hatch out in the heat of the sun when a sand-storm must have overtaken the mother and buried her along with her-eggs. In course of time more and more sand accumulated over the body and the eggs and preserved them intact through countless ages. The discovery was very important in that it proved beyond all doubt that the huge dinosaurs were reptiles and not mammals.

Among many other important discoveries must be mentioned the finds in Tendaguru in Tanganiyaka, East Africa, where a German expedition unearthed a bed which contained the fossilised remains of numerous new types of extinct fauna and especially of dinosaurs. One of the most amazing finds at this place was a dinosaur hundred and twenty feet in length known as the *Atlantosaurus*. The best finds, however, though not the richest, are those found in the icy wastes of Alaska, Siberia and Mongolia where fossils of dinosaurs, mastodons, and primitive rhinos have been found so well preserved in the ice that even the skin and the hair remains. Some very excellent remains have also been found in the tar fields of Southern California, America, where the tar has preserved the skeletons of elephants, lions and other animals intact. Rich fossil deposits have also been discovered in our own country and in South America, but these are of a lesser nature.

# FARMYARD POLITICS

P. S. RAMAN, *Honour 3, Branch II*

In the land of Housth Nidia, reputed to be the land of cows, lived many asses, to whom came some horses from the North.

The horses and the asses bred mules, so much so that in a short time there were more mules than either asses or horses.

God saw that the wickedness of these creatures was great and he caused the waters to rise and flood three-fourths of Housth Nidia.

When the waters subsided only a few asses were left and a greater portion was under the sea. It was difficult to see which was the ass and which the mule.

After many years, some camels came from the desert to settle in the land; for life was hard in the deserts.

Many of these settled in Housth Nidia and established their rule over both the asses and the horses.

But when the Zebras came from the West, these gave way; for they were dazzled by the Zebras' complexion.

So the Zebras were the sole masters of the land for years till at last the horses and the mules and the asses and the camels came to know that there is nothing wonderful in the Zebra but his skin.

Therefore they sought to kick the Zebras out. But the Zebras very wisely, previously, had tied their legs.

So the horses, the mules and the asses began to bray and neigh as loudly as possible. When the Zebras saw they could not any longer bear these noises, they allowed the horses, and the mules and the asses to rule themselves.

So in the year 8391, a mule rāj was formed with a horse who had less of the ass in him than the others, at its head.

But the asses were not satisfied and they grumbled and muttered at the raj.

During this time the asses began to go North to the land of the horses, and the horses too came southward to the land of Housth Nidia. So the Raj-horse proclaimed every creature in Housth Nidia should learn to neigh to make communication easier between these two lands; for he could not compel the horses of another country to bray. Also the number of the horses exceeded that of the asses when both the North and South were taken together.

The asses that were grumbling when they heard this proclamation saw their chance. They raised a hue and cry that braying was their birthright and that they would not learn neighing.

Then the Raj-horse pointed out that was not only their birthright, but of all creatures in Housth Nidia; for even the horses and the mules by long association brayed more than they neighed.

But all the same, the donkeys held meetings and many of the mules attended them, where they abused the horses and the mules too, but quite unconsciously.

At this time, a buffalo from the North, who could neither bray nor neigh, came racing southwards and kindled the wrath of the asses; for he had been kicked on a former occasion by the horses.

One of the donkeys took upon himself a horse's name and brayed aloud that he would have nothing to do with the horse-civilisation and he began to bray, that he would not eat hay till the horses ceased to neigh.

But alas his hunger grew worse and he took his meal secretly; when the other asses found him out they kicked him out as a vile imposter; at which the chronicler remarks that that was the one sensible thing that the asses did.

Some of the young donkeys sought to kick the Raj-horses; but, alas! when they approached them, it was they that got the kicking; for the horses were stronger than they.

So some of the asses sought to hinder the young ones from learning to neigh whereupon the horse sent some mules and tied their forelegs.

And now the asses changed their tactics. Even some of the horses who were envious of the Raj-horses began to join the asses and many of the camels who could neither bray nor neigh.

They held conferences where they raised one cry of Donkey-land for donkeys ; but the speakers forgot that they themselves were only mules.

So 'Donkey-land for donkeys' became the slogan of the day and they forgot that the waters had seized hold of a major portion of the Donkey-land. When the Raj-horses saw this, they could not do anything else but hold counter-meetings and abuse the asses.

During this time there arose a leader for the asses in a mule who had forgotten to bray and took upon himself the tongue of the Zebras.

He learnt now to bray and very bad braying it was and he preached the gospel of 'Donkey-land for donkeys'.

So the horses neighed and the donkeys brayed and the mules some times brayed and at other times neighed and of course the asses had the best of that.

All this happened in the land of cows, Housth Nidia.

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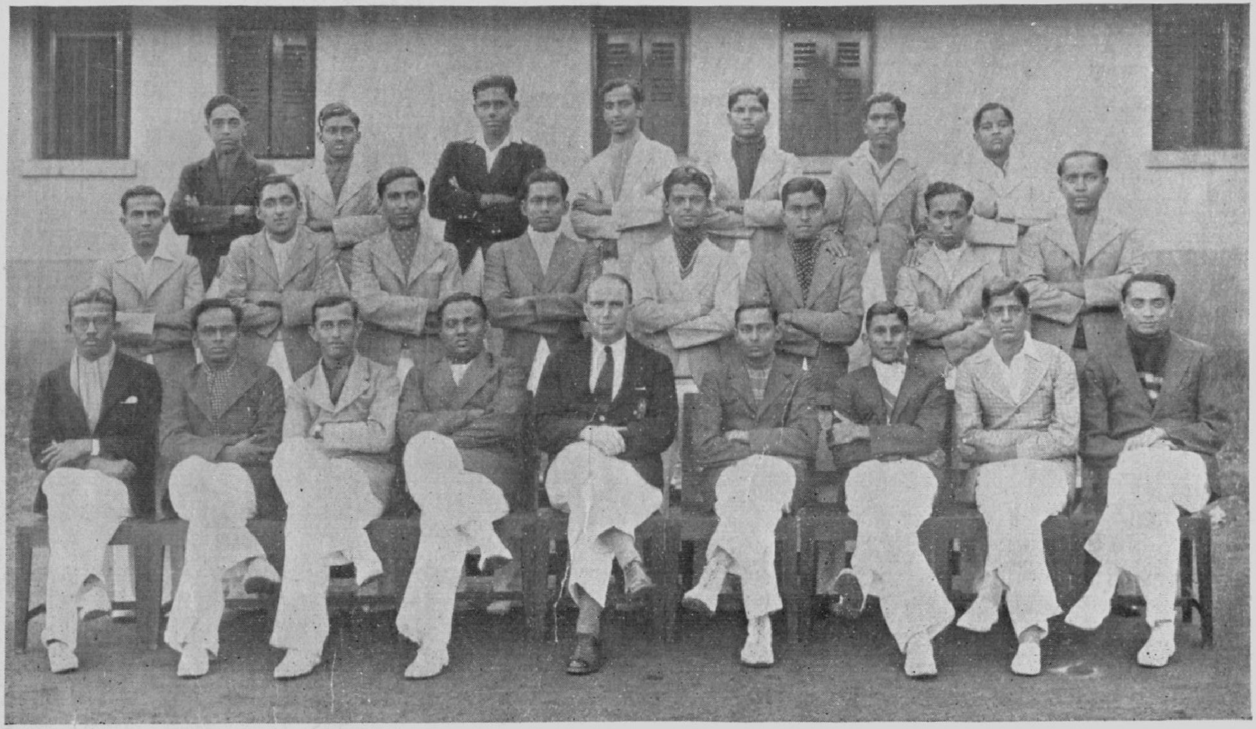
VANDALUR RANGERS—ST. THOMAS HALL, 1938-39



# THE VANDALUR RANGERS

BY N. RAMACHANDRAN, *Cl. IV. Gr. 4a.* (Captain)

"If I were Hammond, Hobbs or Hirst
Or C. B. Fry or anyone
I would like to go in first
And make a hundred just for fun"

This is the spirit of the Rangers—the spirit of those who play Cricket on the village green. Last academic year, the club was started by about a dozen people from St. Thomas's Hall— the club is exclusively for the residents of St. Thomas's—and on the plains to the west of the Hall the pitch was laid. It was crude cricket we played using sticks for stumps and making the most of an old rotten bat. We enjoyed our evenings out there and played the game for its own sake. There was nothing of the Test match fever or moments tense with anxiety and excitement.

The aims of the club naturally resolved themselves to be to give pleasure and enjoyment and also practice for the 'freshers' in order to enable them confidently to contest for places in the College Cricket teams.

The Rangers were a single unit—a happy family of brothers—and in the constitution of the club was reflected the solidarity of the English Cabinet. Unity of purpose and action, voluntary and hearty submission to the leader, avoidance of a hitch of any kind—were the watch-words of the members and these ideals were successfully worked out.

Real interest and enthusiasm were evinced by the members, and it will not be out of the way to cite a few instances to prove them. If one should only meet our Warden one would come to know that he was given the trouble of coming round, on more than one occasion, to warn a few enthusiasts against "smashing doors and windows" by playing on the verandah and the sleeping porch in the Hall. Nature was baffled in her attempts to damp the spirit of the Rangers. During the rainy season, she swallowed our pitch and the ground was converted into a lake. "Where there is a will there is a way" shouted the Rangers and got to a higher field and played. Coming to know this incident, one gentleman in his characteristic way, suggested that we could have a shot at water-polo. This idea of his went home and let him be assured that the club will give due consideration to his suggestion.

This season—1938-39—saw the Rangers, as a club, becoming prominent in the public eye. The rolls shot up to about thirty and financially the club was placed in a sound position. Thanks to the zeal of the new members, the club gained confidence and became more ambitious in its aspirations. The old, primitive materials gave place to fresh, up-to-date ones. Our friends of the last season, a battalion of bulls and cows, who used to visit us and field for us every evening when we practised—the sight of them made our batsmen hit harder and to their

legs—came rarely and sparingly this season and gave us less annoyance, though we regret we could no longer enjoy the sight of the members twitching the cows' tails in their attempt to drive them out! The sunset beyond the fields became more radiant than ever. Vandalur Hill, the guardian angel of the club, which is named after her, seemed more majestic and magnificent. The proud buildings of St. Thomas's Hall stood erect, prouder than ever and watched with keener eyes the practice we took and the game we played. The whole landscape took on a new and optimistic meaning. In short, new life was instilled into the club, without in any way marring its aims and ideals. The more complex the organisation grew, the more tightly fastened the family tie became. Oneness of feeling and healthy team spirit, enabled tbe Rangers to establish a magnificent record on which we look back with pride and pleasure,—only two matches lost out of the seven played this year.

This season has come to a close. We hope that the next season will see some of the Rangers playing for the College team and showing their worth, for they will certainly be men of mettle. As many of us will be leaving College this year we will take this opportunity to wish the club all success—which we are confident it will achieve without any wish of ours. For men may come and men may go, but, we hope, that the 'Vandalur Rangers' will go on for ever.

# EXCELSIOR — A PARODY.

(*In this parody "Excelsior" is used in the sense of "onward—ever onward"*).

The shades of night were falling fast
As through our Tamb'ram village passed,
Some youths who heard, 'mid muffled moans,
The sergeant roar in angry tones
Excelsior !
His brow was knit, his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath.
And like a silver clarion rung
The order of that hated tongue.
Excelsior !
Far, far away we saw the light
Of hostel rooms gleam clear and bright.
And on the Halls, the moonlight fell
While savage lips sent forth a yell :
Excelsior !
" I cannot march ", a weakling said
Much longer without dropping dead. "
We trudged with weary limbs and sighed
But loud that clarion voice replied :
Excelsior !
" Let us fall out and rest, " begged we
" Against the trunk of that big tree. "
No pity shone in his dark eye
And still he answered with a cry :
Excelsior !
And every time, as heavenwards
We poor cadets with fervent words,
Uttered our oft-repeated prayer
That voice cried through the startled air.
Excelsior !
The weakling, by a towering mound
Half buried in the mud was found,
Still murm'ring to himself the word
That he had from the sergeant heard :
Excelsior !
There in the moonlight, cold and grey
Helpless, but beautiful, he lay.
And in his ear, with all his might
The sergeant yelled out through the night :
Excelsior !

KURYAN ABRAHAM,
*IV B.Sc. Group (ii).*

# ON DEBATES AND DEBATERS

By R. PRABHAKAR, *Hons. IV, Br. iii.*

Stevenson has written a charming essay on "Debating Societies". It fortunately does not seem to have found its way, into the text-books and so has not lost any of its charm for us. In that essay he describes some typical debaters he came across in his College days. Here are some of his descriptions and it will be seen that they exactly suit some of those whom we have come to know in our own experience.

"Most laughable, perhaps, are your indefatigable strivers after eloquence. They are of those who "pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope" and who, since they expect that "the deficiencies of the last sentence will be supplied by the next" . . . are characterised by a hectic hopefulness. Nothing damps them. They rise from the ruins of one abortive sentence, to launch forth into another with unabated vigour. From the tone of their voice, you would expect a splendid period—and lo! a string of broken-backed, disjointed clauses, eked out with stammerings and throat-cleanings ... Even at last, even when they have exhausted all their ideas, they remain upon their feet with their mouths open, waiting for some further inspiration."......

On whom can these orators empty the vials of their eloquence? Of course, in this country, there are the British! whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are cruel, whatsoever things are of ill report, if there be any wrong, if there be any injustice, cast these things at the door of the British. Such seems to be the policy of many of our debaters. Many of the things they allege may be true, but most of these fire-eaters can bring forward nothing to support their allegations, which sometimes are hopelessly wild, often, as in Stevenson's description, their righteous indignation can no longer be bound by the cramping fetters imposed by the rules of grammatical construction, and bursts forth in a torrent of disjointed clauses and grotesque metaphors.

Stevenson continues ". . . but the next class are people who, having nothing to say, are cursed with a facility and an unhappy command of words, that makes them the prime nuisances of the society they affect. They try to cover their absence of matter by an unwholesome vitality of delivery. They look truimphantly round the room as if courting applause, after a torrent of diluted truism. They talk in a circle, harping on the same dull round of argument, and returning again and again to the same remark with the same sprightliness, the same irritating appearance of novelty." They are in short of the type of Gratiano in the "Merchant of Venice of whom Bassanio remarks "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff! You shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search."

This is a characteristic of those who support idealistic views. Seeing no way of appealing to our practical sense, they tug vigorously at our heart-strings, flatter us, cajole us, and unscrupulously operate on our lachrymatory glands. The problem of poverty in our country is a subject which is frequently treated in this way. Poverty is described in a highly sentimental way and rarely as

the dismal thing it is—for it is not an evil to get sentimental about, but one which has to be faced with stern practical resolution.

"There is also the irrelevant speaker, who rises, emits a joke or two, and then sits down again, without ever attempting to tackle the subject of debate."

After some sarcastic jokes about the nonsensical way in which the opponent spoke, this aspiring humourist proceeds to speak greater nonsense himself.

But as Stevenson says, "*Amis lecturs*, this is a painful topic. It is possible that we too . . . may have suffered these things, and drunk as deep as any of the cup of shameful failure."

Artificial eloquence and platform catastrophes may afford us pure amusement if we did not realise their more serious implications. They seem to show a certain insincerity and light-heartedness in treating the gravest and most vital issues. It would be interesting to speculate on the effect of political crises on the development of soap-box oratory. The September crisis in Europe, during which the fate of humanity hung in the balance, has become a subject on which debaters might display their talents in cheap oratory.

Debating societies are usually said to be training grounds for democracy. They rather seem to be training grounds for demagoguery. It is well known that democracy is no longer the unchallenged ideal it was at one time. One nation after another has discarded it, and its future is very dark. This is not just the result of the malignant scheming of devilish dictators. Democracies have shown a deplorable lack of that discipline —a discipline that comes from within and is not imposed from without—which is essential to their success. This can be seen from the time that Cleon roared irresponsibly in the Athenian popular assembly down to our day when Leaders of the Opposition oppose every measure that comes up for mere fun of it, and are paid handsome salaries for this delightful occupation.

Fiery oratory, however, is not always a mark of insincerity. If the speaker is passionately convinced of what he is talking about, and if he has the necessary command of the language, he does take fire! But it is easy to distinguish this natural eloquence from the worked-up enthusiasm of the insincere debater. Thousands admire the possionate eloquence of speakers like Jawaharlal Nehru or Dr. Stanley Jones because of their obvious sincerity.

So debates and debating Societies cannot be condemned outright. If the subjects chosen are treated seriously (not, of course without humour!) and sincerely, and if the speakers as well as the hearers keep an open mind on the issue, nothing can be more profitable than a debate. But if we *will* stick to our prematurely formed opinions, and evade all attacks on our views through deft sophistry, we will have no greater chance of seeing the truth than Sam Weller had of seeing his father when he stared fixedly at the ceiling. Says Stevenson.

"It is a sad sight to see , . Our boys of seventeen, coming up to college with determined views . . a company of determined deliberate opinionists, not to be moved by all the sleights of logic. What have such men to do with study? If their minds are made up irrevocably, why

burn the "studious lamp" in search of further confirmation? Every set opinion I hear a student deliver I feel a certain lowering of my regard. He who studies . . . should keep his mind fluent and sensitive, keen to mark flaws, and willing to surrender untenable positions . . . It is to further this docile spirit that we desire to press the claims of debating Societies. If we could once prevail on our students to feel no shame in avowing an uncertain attitude towards any subject, if we could teach them that it was unnecessary for every lad to have his *opinionette* on every topic, we should have gone a far way towards bracing the intellectual tone of the coming race of thinkers; and this it is which debating societies are so well fitted to perform."

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# TRAVAIL, TRAVAIL, TOUJOURS TRAVAIL.

By B. Srinivas Rao, *IV B.Sc. Gr. ii.*

"Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?"

Thus thought young Tom Lazy as he sat before the untiring, unswerving, hard-hearted, merciless Dr. Work. And the unfortunate lad was in no way relieved when the great doctor propounded his famous theory that genius being infinite capacity for work, all must be geniuses in order that infinite work may be done, and the world be made to whirl faster and faster till every being and particle on this sphere was thrown away as millions of fragments, till they lost themselves in the vast unknown called space. Clearly the pupil was not made for the master and the master was not made for the pupil.

It was a great many years ago that Dr. Work, that strangest of strange beings, entered this Big Institution, so long ago in fact that not one remained alive who knew the date of his arrival. That wily task-master was indeed as tyrannical a master to serve as the ugly picture that he was to behold. He came ages ago and would continue to be for ages to come.

Young Tom, full of the joy of life, was subjected to a cruel yoke and he could bear the burden no longer. The longer the Doctor's lectures and the greater his exhortation to work, the stronger grew Tom's desire for freedom, and one fine summer morning, just before the rooster sounded his morning call, he quietly slipped out of the mansion of Dr. Work, and ran for hours without end and miles without reckoning. Nor did he stop till he came to the bank of a stream and beheld lovely meadows all around him, and then he heaved a sigh of relief. He felt lighter, freer and fresher.

The setting sun had set the western sky all aflame, the fleecy clouds changed from white to gold, and from gold to orange, and the scene was one which could never be effaced from one's memory. Tom's heart leapt for joy, and as he glanced upon a lovely flower near by, an exquisite piece of God's handiwork, he slowly uttered:

"The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil,
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence, ripen, fall and cease;
Why should life all labour be?"

And so saying, being weary of foot, he gradually sank on the ground and fell into the depths of sleep.

Sleep the greatest balm for afflicted minds had had its effect on Tom Lazy, and when he opened his eyes and gazed on the naked heavens the first grey streaks of dawn had already appeared. Then, once again, the poor lad rose saying, perhaps unconsciously.—

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar."

But what an unfortunate being he was! Little did he realise that the

world in which he lived teemed with foul ingratitude, unrequited labour, and rank misery, and that the quick-sands on the shore were even more treacherous than the deep.

Tom looked around and when he saw the farmers at their ploughs singing as they went along, he jumped for sheer joy, ran a few yards and jumped again, and again, and again. He listened to the tune that the men sang, caught it, and sang with them. There at last Tom was in his element. He was thus happy for an hour or more, after which, going up to one of the men, he saw large drops of sweat collected on the man's brow. At the same time the man exclaimed "Ah what misery is this; to sweat and sweat from morn till night and gain nothing—accursed work!" Tom's countenance changed, he gave a shriek for there, right in front of him, he beheld the never-to-be-forgotten physiognomy of the great Dr. Work, and he straightaway ran from those farmers and the lovely fields which had only a little while ago so endeared themselves to him.

Thus wandering Tom sauntered into a town one evening and entered a park. The air was filled with melodious notes and all around him there was laughter and mirth. Tom's face brightened again and he slowly approached the band-stand in the centre and stood awhile enraptured by the music. He soon fell into conversation with a gay young man of his own years and never before had he felt so happy. Tom's face was beaming with happiness; he joked and laughed as he had never done before. But suddenly turning to where the bandsmen were he saw one blowing so hard at his instrument that his cheeks, being inflated, assumed enormous proportions, and that his eyes were red, and moved strangely. At the same time he turned towards the conductor and saw that his scrutinizing gaze was fixed on the poor individual with the balloon cheeks. Immediately everything was clear to Tom; the melodious notes that filled the air seemed harsh and meaningless, and the mist rose as the penetrating eyes of Dr. Work pierced through every obstacle! For the second time Tom Lazy uttered a hideous yell, and he showed a clean pair of heels to the conductor, bandsmen, and the gay young fellow.

The next day, happening to pass through that part of the town where the soldiers were stationed, Tom halted when he reached the parade ground. There the soldiers, dressed in ceremonial attire, had fallen in for parade, and when the commander shouted "By the left, quick march!" and the drums and fifes played young Tom Lazy was not only pleased but also thrilled. The martial music stirred him up to greater liveliness and once again he began to smile and watch with eager eyes. Each turn that the platoon took added so much to his enjoyment that when finally the men at arms slow marched in perfect unison he remarked "Excellent—it's wonderful!" There and then Tom made up his mind to become a soldier. That was the sort of life he had longed to lead—a life free of care, free of labour. Then when the parade was over and the men were ordered to stand easy, Tom peered into their faces to see them smile; to see them as happy as ever. But the smile that he had hoped to see never lit up their faces; they were tired and far from happy at the moment. The youthful spectator was sorely disappointed, and when he next turned to see the commander he was shocked to see not him whom he had expected but the same awful

countenance of his inveterate enemy Dr. Work. Tom did not wait to think any more; he turned his back on the scene and fled as quickly as his feet would carry him.

One evening Tom Lazy entered into an arena where two teams were engaged in a game of football. Now football was what Tom had always liked, and when he saw twenty-two strong, healthy men exercise brawn and brain in a Titanic struggle he was thrilled. The shouts of the spectators only added to his excitement, and when a player scored a goal by means of a brilliant solo effort he rose from his seat and cheered lustily. But even then Tom had not learnt that the game of life was like amusing oneself on a see-saw, and that when one rose the other always went down. So when at the end the centre-forward of the winners had scored no less than five goals all by himself, and one of the spectators remarked that while Alex would receive an extra sum for his fine performance, Woodley, the losers custodian, would most probably be given notice that his services would no longer be required. Tom looked gloomy and out of sorts. He pondered, and suddenly screaming "Oh I see that dreadful monster again!" he ran out of the enclosure and out of the town. Tom had again met his implacable foe Dr. Work!

A young man was one day seen sitting on the bank of a stream, around him the cornfields, in which several men and women worked happily, lay stretched for miles, and above him the birds chirped merrily. It was no other than our hero Tom Lazy! He looked at everything intently, but seemed both content and happy. He had been disillusioned and he had changed; that was clear by his words:

"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

He rose and continued:

"How dull it is to pause to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!

.........................................

Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done.

Not very long after Tom, like the sailor home from the sea and the hunter home from the hill, returned to the place to which he had resolved never to return. All things in the mansion stood as they were when he left. He walked up to his professor, but was not a little surprised to find that the aged Dr. Work had actually grown young! Gone were the wrinkles and the frown! Tom stood mute for a while, then fell on his knees and wept bitterly. But the good master raised him and comforted him, and Tom felt happy, truly happy, as his teacher said "...........

And my friend, follow

This grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

The young man stood silent for a while, then smiled and said with grim determination. "Though I am made weak by time and fate I am yet strong in will, and though my name be always Tom Lazy, my spirit shall for ever be that of Ulysses: to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield!"

# THE VICIOUS CYCLE.

G. H. JANSEN, *Hons. 4, Br. vii*

During the last crisis in Europe it was observed that the publication and purchase of books ceased almost entirely : political, events temporarily replaced literature in people's attention. This is but the latest example of the effect that social conditions have on the production of literature as a whole; the effect would be all the greater on picaresque literature in particular dealing, as it does, with deliberately anti-social characters. For the present purpose picaresque is taken to include something more than mere roguery-everything that is regarded as disreputable by society whether in matters of property or human relationships not treated seriously but cynically or with cheerfulness.

A brief survey of English picaresque literature will reveal four or five very definite, clear cut cycles in its history: after a period during which no such works are produced, in the course of a few years they suddenly begin to appear in great profusion, continue to do so for a greater or longer period, and then as suddenly disappear again. There must be some consistent and continually operant cause to account for this phenomena which occurs over many centuries. As indicated above it is to be sought in the condition of society at the time. A nation will only laugh at its rogues and scoundrels during a time of social stability and safety; to treat them as a joke when they threaten the security of every law-abiding citizen would require an uncommon degree of hardihood. Hence, as a general rule, it is immediately *after* the periods when rogues actually flourished that literature about them begins to appear, at a time when a glamorous haze begins to conceal their grosser faults; just as the literature contemporary with them tends to be of a warning and minatory character.

The literature of roguery achieved little before the middle of the sixteenth century, when the final establishment of a strong monarchy created a congenial atmosphere for it. Before this the danger of foreign foes and civil wars within England, and the general atmosphere of insecurity that they brought about made any glorification of " criminals" impossible. The eleventh century text *Sermo Lupi* gives us a vivid picture of the conditions that usually prevailed: " there have been harrying and hunger in every quarter, and robbery, destruction, sedition, starvation—and plundering by robbers injured us very greatly, and excessive tax afflicted us ; therefore there have been now in this land, for many years, great injustices and unstable faith among men ". While such was the state of society the Church could only turn its thunder against the wrong doers, so that the literature of these centuries is prolific of works of admonition. The fourteenth century " *Ayenbite of Inwit*" is an eloquent example of this type: " If thou wilt know what is good and what is evil go out of thy self—Divide thy soul from thy body; send thy heart into the other world-into hell, into purgatory—There thou

shalt see enough of all evil, fire burning, brimstone stinking, tempest howling, foul fiends, hunger and thirst and diverse tortures." And this moralistic strain is continued by Langland and Wyclif and Gower. Yet the rogue does appear, seldom though it be, in this early literature. For instance in the *Second Shepherd's Play* of the Towneley Cycle, belonging to the same century as the terrifying extract given above: in this, Mak, one of the shepherds waiting in the fields for the birth of the Messiah, improves the occasion by stealing one of his companion's sheep, but repents before the infant Christ and all is well. Rogues also appear in Chaucer, who depicts vice humourously with all the toleration of a great artist: Pandarus in his *Troilus and Criseyde* is a sly rascal, and so are many of the people mentioned in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. In the *Tales* themselves those of the Friar, Miller and Shipman are definitely picaresque. But these are isolated instances arising out of a sea of troubles.

As has been said, the first, and one of the most vigorous of the bloomings of rogue-literature appears in the time of Elizabeth, after about 1590 and the Armada, when Englishmen, safe from foreign domination and largely freed from the depradations of beggars and thieves by the severe poor laws of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, could afford to laugh at what terrified their forefathers. In prose we have such works as Dekker's "*Guls Horne-booke,*" a guide for the young cox-combs of the day, to make them "good graduates in these rare sciences of Barbarisme and Idiotisme;" "jest at your Creditors and so cozen a whole covey of abhominable catch-poles;" and Greene's pamphlets written as a repentance for his past misdeeds but in fact glorifying roguery; among them being the famous "*Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*" in which he sneers at the young Shakespeare, and various cony-catching handbooks giving complete instructions how to fleece a cony or victim of the London rogues. In the drama, plays about Picaro of various types were extremely common: "*The Honest Whore*", Dekker's two-part play; Jonson's "*Every man in His Humour*" and "*Bartholomew Fair*", in which wonderfully lively portraits of the most disreputable types are given; "*The Roaring Girl*" of Middleton and Dekker, based on the historical Mary Frith whose favourite joke was to appear at her assignations in male attire and defeat her suitors in sword play. Shakespeare's genius embraced the rogue: Falstaff, Parolles and Autolycus are among the most noticeable and lifelike while, at the same time, the romantic rogue appeared in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher and Shirley.

These works in prose and drama made English picaresque literature the richest in Europe by 1615. But just when the romance of roguery seemed fairly established it suddenly went bankrupt and for fifty years no one would again venture faith in it. The cause for this sudden falling away is to be found in growing social and religious unrest, the approach of the Civil War and the rising tide of Puritanism. The corruption of public life in the following quarter century is well exemplified in Bacon's *Essays*. Machiavellian in their realistic outlook and unscrupulousness: "to speak truth in these base times, active men are of more use than virtuous" he writes and gives a dozen ways of deceiving people in the essay "Of

Cunning." In such circumstances, again, roguery would be no laughing matter for even the great Lord Chancellor, if not so cultured would undoubtedly have been a rogue—as he was for a time. Up to the Restoration, politics and theology divided men's allegiance and their literary creations. A delight, hard and keen, was taken in the mind for its own sake, and religion was not feared but enjoyed despite the evidence to the contrary from the terrifying tracts that the multitudinous Puritan sects poured forth in such abundance. The reaction from the license of the Jacobean and Carolian courts is to be seen in the melting yet audacious repentance of Donne, sick of the shams of love—"a bracelet of bright hair about the bone" and in all the greater metaphysical poets. Man, and his sins and the destiny of his soul, were matters of profound importance in the middle of this century and were not to be written about with levity.

With the Restoration of the monarchy on a firmer basis than ever, the upper classes at least could sin with safety and impunity and strangely enough during this period of general license, especially sexual license, picaresque literature appears again, especially in the drama. The plays of Wycherley, Farquhar, Congreve and Vanbrugh are true picaresque because their central figures are anti-heroes and morality is laughed at by them. "Good gods! what a pleasure there is in doing what we should not do!" and "religion's out of fashion" declares Vanbrugh, and he and his fellow-writers mock at "sneaking, cowardly fellows that went to Church, said grace to their meat and had not the least tincture of quality about 'em". Wycherley openly declares "our virtue—is but to cheat those that trust us." In prose, these opinions were ably supported by the novels and short stories of Mrs. Aphra Behn: "virtue is but a name kept from scandal which the most base of women best preserve" says one of the characters in "*The Nun or Perjured Beauty.*" The appearance of this type of picaresque literature during the time of actual degeneracy would seem to controvert the general rule that it is produced only after it, in times of social safety, and we are reminded of this by the appearance in 1680 of a Puritan romance of roguery,—Bunyan's "*Life and Death of Mr. Badman*" "a blast to sinners blown in degenerate times" in which he sets upon anti-hero as an antithesis to the hero of "The Pilgrim's Progress." But true Restoration picaresque was of a peculiar type. Firstly it did not condone with the crimes it recounts so entertainingly: the "manly Wycherley" especially so "lashed the crying age" with his satire that his obscenity was not obvious to his contemporaries; Etherege also is biting and cynical but hardly lewd. They handled pitch and their hands were smeared in the process. Secondly it had so much of an air of irresponsibility about it that no one took the immorality seriously. Lamb seized on this aspect of it a vividly in his essay "*On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century*": "the characters break no laws or conscious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land—of cuckoldry—the Utopia of gallantry where pleasure is duty and manners perfect freedom." In short there is no direct connection between the vice of the Restoration period and the literature about it, the distorting veil of romance had already descended and this second cycle of English picaresque

might just as easily have been produced after, instead of concurrently with, the Restoration. This did not happen because along with what Addison calls "French Fopperies" came romantic French fiction of the most cloying, treacly type and before this comparatively healthy picaresque wilted.

Further, with the accession and deposition of James II and the Popish scare, instability once more invaded public affairs; the romance of roguery lanquished to be revived only in the second decade of the 18th century by Defoe. Swift throws a clear, brilliant light on the political intrigues of the period in his "Journal to Stella," and in "Gullivers Travels" showed how vitiated the whole of society was : he laughed at society's faults but harshly, not with the kindliness of picaresque writers. "Augustan grace distinguished the manners and letters of the favoured few but vice was rampant among the indigent many." The corrective to "that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen" is to be found in Addison's essays in which the self-appointed censor the Spectator "would rather aim at instructing than diverting ;" in an age when every man had his price he writes : "there is no man so improper to be employed in business, as he who is in any degree capable of corruption"; such bold naivete did however have a good effect in time. Addison's straight and narrow way was not that of Bacon's realist, but the one trodden by the "polite gentleman" possessed of "sensibility." "Chesterfield in his "Letters to his Son" carries the politeness even further : with what exquisite subtlety does he advise his son to "gallantry without debauchery" and with what inimitable suavity does he advise : "I had much rather that you were passionately in love with some determined coquette of condition (who would lead you a dance and polish you) than that you knew all Plato and Aristotle by heart"; it is with ironic gravity that he counsels deliberate adultery with married women "of fashion and beauty"—which he calls "*un-arrangement honnete.*"— "*elle faisoit doncdes noeuds*"—and then apologises for his bluntness of speech ! Society must have been very stable if a grand seigneur like Chesterfield would advocate "the truth, but *not* the whole truth." And so it was. During the last years of Anne and under George I the realm returned to normal, and the religious revival under the Wesleys and Whitefield further purified English public life. In fact Chesterfield's letters, in so far as they treat immorality lightly, anticipate the third cyclic period of the picaresque which began about 1720 and lasted for forty years.

"England had sunk to the nadir of social misrule in the first third of the 18th century and its prince of darkness was Jonathan Wild": the period that was portrayed by Hogarth. Farquhar celebrates the lifting of the terror, and incidentally, emphasises the influence of social conditions on literature, in his Prologue to *The Beaux's Stratagem.*

"When strife disturbs or sloth corrupts an age
Keen satire is the business of the stage.
But now when faction sleeps and sloth is fled
And all our youth in active fields are bred ;
When Anna's sceptre points the laws their course,
And her example gives her precepts force ;

There is scarce room for satire; all our lays
Must be, or songs of triumph or of praise."

It was the drama that had hitherto expressed the picaresque spirit; hereafter it is the novel that takes supremacy. Almost all the great novelists of the century wrote some picaresque works. Defoe's novels belong almost wholly to this class"; "*Roxana*", "*Colonel Jacque*", and "*Moll Flanders*", who is actually more a passionate feminist than a trollop and complains that "the women had lost the privilege of saying no." Defoe, who was himself something of a rogue, was the personal friend of Jack Sheppard and the notorious scoundrel Jonathan Wild, the head of a thieves trust; he visited both when in prison and wrote the public bulletins concerning the latter's health It was however left to Fielding to write "*The History of Jonathan Wild the Great*" in which, satirically, a topsy-turvy set of morals is set up as a standard of "greatness" excluding "good-nature and humanity, which weak minds call virtues." "*Tom Jones*" is also certainly a picaresque novel though the hero is a compromise between the full-blown priaso anti-hero and the conventional hero; the same might be said of Smollelts' scape-grace "*Roderick Random*" almost more sinned against than sinning. On the strength of the libertinism of Lovelace in "*Clarissa*" even the staid Richardson can be claimed as a picaresque writer; "I am half ashamed of myself if I am faithful to any woman in the world" Lovelace writes in the true anti-heroic vein. One brilliant example of the picaresque play belongs to this period,—Gay's "*Beggar's Opera*" which was immensely successful and had made roguery so attractive that a contemporary notice says of it: "The subject, the ideas, the language are all equally and horribly disgusting. The author has raked together the very offal of society; he is like the carrion crow that leaves the wholesome fruits of the earth to batten on carcases." Young criminals were found with copies of the Opera in their pockets. Its success was in part due to the conditions of the times. For society had been stirred by the dangers of a period of crime unprecedented in English annals. Although Wild was dead, his villainy was remembered and he was readily recognised in "the delectable Peachum," who opines: "murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of."

For a third time picaresque literature disappears. After 1760 it rapidly withers away partly due to the all-absorbing interest in the French Revolution, partly to what Burke called "The Present Discontents" in England, the fight against a revival [against which Wordsworth later indignantly protested] of the monarchy and the Gordon riots; but more especially because of the enervating influence of the "Gothic" thriller. The romances of the type of Walpole's "*Castle of Otranto*" or Beckford's "*Vathek*,"—purely fanciful; Mrs. Radcliffe's "*Mysteries of Udolpho*" or Matthew Lewis's "*Monk*," purely sensational, buried the picaresque under a spate of extravagances and gloomy Gothic castles filled with villainous condottieri, bleeding corpses and swooning heroines. Everyone, with the harmless Boswell, tried to be "melancholy" and a trifle distrait or mad; and naturally the cheerful rogue was in disfavour.

More than sixty years passed before, under the invincible respectability of Victoria, the "dashing" bewhiskered hero came into fashion again bringing in his train a whole host of anti-heroes to thrill the utterly safe, presumably consumptive, young Victorian lady. Among the famous writers who can be mentioned here in this fourth cycle of the picaresque, are Ainsworth for his "*Rookwood*" and "*Jack Sheppard*," Bulwer Lytton for "*Eugene Aram*;" Dickens with an whole host of richly picaresque characters; Borrow and his inimitable Romany chi and chal and finally Thackeray, especially because of his "*Barry Lyndon*" and Becky Sharp. But as the respectability got thicker and more clinging and the arty-and-crafty Pre-Raphaelites appeared, the "nice" hero replaced the anti-hero, and we get such bastard picaresque novels as those of Stevenson, later Hornung's "Raffles" and "*The Amateur Cracksman*", and W. H. Hudson's "*The Purple Land*" paralleled in the drama by Robertson's play "*Caste*."

And so, inevitably, we come to the detective novel beginning properly about the beginning of this century with Conan Doyle. What began as a Jeu d'esprit was continued because the nature of the times was congenial. This apparently inexplicable volte face from late-Victorian picaresque to the detective novel is due in large part to increasing social insecurity. In America at least the detective hero is avowedly in opposition to the "gangster", whose existence threatens and terrifies society. What, in pre-Elizabethan times, had been the task of God and the Devil, later of Bacon's cynical realist and Addison's "polite" gentleman, of Chesterfield's devotee to 'les graces' and Mrs. Radcliffe's "Gothic" hero now falls on the shoulders of Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poiroit and Lord Peter Wimsey: in times of social instability to frighten wrong doers on behalf of society, as society's counter-product to the criminal. And just so long as this instability lasts, picaresque, as at present, will not flourish and the detective novel will reach ever more terrifying heights.

One contemporary type of rogue-literature, remains to be mentioned at the end of the type's rhythmically cyclic history and that is the biography of the dictator—the more ruthless, the greater the demand for intimate details concerning him. These are usually banned in the dictator's own country and find their widest sales in the countries he threatens most. Hence, it is only a form of international masochism; and it does not controvert the main argument that picaresque literature has been produced only long after the criminal events it relates have occurred.

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# COMING TO CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

S. T. APPACHANA, *Hons.III, Br. vii.*

That was a romantic time from the moment I got the admission card for this College till I came to room, number 167, in Selaiyur Hall and settled down to understand the fundamentals of Old English Grammar. Things became quite prosaic after that except for the week-end dissipation in the city, that is to say, a picture, a stroll on the marina and some nourishment at the ' Aquarium Restaurant. '

Needless to talk of the hectic month prior to starting, and how I rode my cycle to pieces on the streets of Rajahmundry to make the hundred and odd purchases that every person starting to College has to. Well, one auspicious night, I climbed into the Calcutta Mail. My people gave me last minute advice,—mind your health, study hard; don't start monkey-tricks in the electric train ............... The Calcutta Mail belched out of the station, oblivious of parents' pangs and children's regrets and was soon rumbling over the Godaveri Bridge. It was pleasant to go off to College, but I gazed back at the twinkling lights of Rajahmundry, at the old Municipal High School that dreamed in the moonlight, to the ripple of the sacred river, at the flickering fires of the Sadhus camping beneath the great peepul tree on the bank, and I could not help heaving a sigh. I awoke from my reverie to life's stern realities when an oversized man trod hard on my toes. Men and luggage had been crammed into the compartment until there was hardly room for the whiskers of a mouse. I manfully went through the ordeal till morning, eating numerous oranges by way of consolation. I crawled out at last at Central Station and here black-shirted porters descended on me like harpies, discovered that I was quite green and fleeced me. Another man in uniform, stalked round my luggage and looked very hostile. I looked conciliatingly at him and the fellow for some reason slouched off in search of other prey. I met an old pal on the way to Park Station. " Which College, Pasha " he sang out. I was called Pasha by several of my friends who found pronouncing my real name too much of a strain on their jaws. " Christian, of course, " I answered. " Why so far, old man " he queried with concern, and his voice hinted at untold pleasures lost. " Turning hermit, are you? It's a jolly place, tigers stroll about on the verandahs, and the birds are so numerous that they build nests in your hats and the snakes have a habit of smuggling into bed with you " he said darkly. I smiled wanly and his words rather haunted me when the electric train scuttled away further and still further. I finally landed at Tambaram.

It was a sweltering morning and an obstinate porter at last bent to my will and I trudged off to Selaiyur. The panorama of hills and scrub frightfully suggested tigers and snakes. But the vast cream-coloured buildings with the sprawling railway-quarters on the fringe, looked

tremendously civilised and my sagging spirits rose. I entered the domain of Selaiyur, very hungry and very dirty and was met by an officious peon. I asked to be shown to my room. Imagine my horror when he complacently answered that both hall and mess would open only the next day. I had come a day earlier in order to be quite fresh on the re-opening day. And here I was as famished as a wolf in winter-time and not a crumb to gaze at and nowhere to stretch my limbs. " Take me to the warden " I barked. I was ushered into the presence of a sturdy Scotsman and here I poured out my tale of woe. " Can nothing be done, Sir, " I wailed. The blue eyes looked sympathetic, but there was no help for it.

The world looked just then a very desolate place and I limped out of the warden's study feeling very forlorn. But, a thrill ran through me at the spectacle that presented itself before me in the dining room. Fresh bread, butter and fruit lay invitingly on the table. There was no mortal lurking anywhere on the horizon, I was hungry, desperately so and here lay nourishing food just asking to be eaten. It looked as if the very gods had placed it in my way, pitying my misery. If they had placed it before me it was the purest sin to leave it untasted and I for one did not want to sin thus. The Warden would not starve if I took it, would he ? Thus I argued within myself and so honestly did I believe in the justice of my cause that I determined to stuff some of the eatables into my pocket. I had scarcely made up my mind when a side-door clicked and a vinegar-faced butler materialised. He eyed me a trifle suspiciously and I sauntered out with the utmost dignity that I could muster. A little dog scampered up to me at the door. I patted it ; it looked fat and juicy. If dog was good food for the Chinese why not for me? But the little creature looked up at me in such a friendly manner that I softened and let it go. The outlook was black. The fates were arrayed against me, so I thought bitterly. The peon emerged into view, I glared balefully at him. It was then that I understood the logic of cannibalism.

After ruminating awhile, a bright idea filtered into my clouded brain. There was an uncle of mine in the city. It is a marvel how fondly one thinks of uncles and aunts when one is hungry or ' Broke ' or both. I made a bee-line for this uncle's house and the smoky smudge that the world had appeared to me till now brightened into glowing colours after a warm bath and a good feed there. What crimes does not hunger provoke a man to !

It was with a clean shirt and singing spirits that I came back to Tambaram the next day. The place looked thoroughly lively. Students were swarming over the whole place ; the freshmen scurried to and fro in a distracted fashion unable to locate Bursar's office or Principal's office. Little babes of the Junior Intermediate looking for all the world as if they had just climbed out of their cradles, trotted about hanging on to the coat-tails of their anxious parents. I turned my steps towards Selaiyur and took possession of a room. Sweet music emanated from the bathrooms, the healtheist sign of a hostel and something never to be found in its vernal vigour in the third term. I next proceeded to the Bursar's office. Before doing that trip I lost myself hopelessly in the mazes of Selaiyur Hall. It reminded me of the magic galleries so often mentioned

in the Arabian Nights. I kept going round and round the place, but could not for the life of me find the way out, and I did not want to broadcast my imbecility by asking anybody. But, I had to confess to the peon and that worthy led me out. The Bursar's office was a seething mass of perspiring human bodies. It swayed, surged backwards and forwards while the anguished clerk cried in vain, "go back, please!" "one by one, please!" The poor man's voice was lost in the wilderness. I joined in the general melee treading on people's toes and getting trodden on, pushing and getting pushed. It's fine fun once in a way. I finished the ceremony of getting the fee receipts and emerged from that scuffling crowd with my bones still whole.

But, the final ceremony was yet to come—the interview with the Principal. A small body of us approached the sacred precincts of that august personage. There was an hushed atmosphere about the place. At the door, we paused by common agreement. We mopped our hot faces, one adjusted his necktie, another smoothed his hair. "Get in" said one, but did not budge himself. One resolute fellow at last gingerly stepped into the room and we shuffled in behind him. The Principal spoke a few words to us and then we filed out under the effulgence of his smile and entered upon our life as students of the Madras Christian College.

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# ALL IS GRIST

The oracles are no longer dumb; once more the sound of voice and hideous hum is raised: in short 'philosophical' poems have once more been submitted to the magazine and rejected. The titles of them are alone sufficient to awe and dismay: *A prayer on love and life, Hope and prophecy, Nature's flower and peace.* The author of them, from his line 'your ideal in a prophecy you shall *at last* unveil' is evidently one more 'pale-mouthed prophet dreaming'; he should however, before beginning fervent prophetic contemplative verse of this airy type, in which every abstract noun begins with a capital letter, try to master at least the rudiments of metre and rhyme. Of the same type are *Things of the Night,* which include the moon and stars and sleeping flowers and loves but not, unfortunately, the far more vital mosquitoes; and *On Dreams* written in deliciously inept Johnsonese. This type of literary effort is, we are compelled to say, only high-faluting nonsense.

There was, inevitably, the usual crop of 'useful' advice addressed to the reader in the acidulated tones of a superannuated governess: *On Scolding*, *On Sleeping in Class* (that hardy annual), and *The Week-end Unveiled.* Though articles of this pompous type are not too welcome, the magazine cannot be all froth and bubble. It should, rather, express the views of students on *any* subject in the world that interests them.

Of this type was *A Way Out* which was spoilt by largely inaccurate matter and an attempt to push philosophical conclusions too far and too conclusively. It was nevertheless a very notable attempt to get to grips with contemporary problems.

The most unfortunate cases were the short stories both of which were spoilt by weak endings. In *Return Flights to London* the climax was cleverly built up only to be revealed a few lines too soon; the almost unbelievably naive conclusion of *The Living Ghost* shows that its author has definite promise as a great writer of six-penny dreadfuls.

A number of articles were good, but were not so consistently and continuously: a moderately good general level of attainment is better than a patchy cleverness such as was seen in *The Barber, On Bores, The Front-Seat* and *Paying the Fees.* We fully sympathise with the last author's Herculean attempts to overcome the physical difficulties that, at the beginning of every month, prevent one from duly rendering to Cæsar the things that are Caesar's.

Lastly must be mentioned those articles in which the authors, like the mess-contractors, tried to make a very little go a very, very long way: the vacuously inane *Literary Scandal, On Making Promises, A Railway Journey* both written by a disillusioned love-stricken swain, and *On Reading with the Doors Shut,* containing the notorious misuse of 'reading' for 'studying'. Further, the comic tone

proper to the subject chosen was lacking, for long periods, at which time these essays become wholly tedious.

Casting a melancholy glance over this literary wreckage,—flotsam and jetsam—, it will be seen that while we had the pleasure of commenting on only a dozen rejected articles in the first term, we have here mentioned almost double that number. Evidently rejected efforts, like the Hydra's head, put forth two where there was only one formerly. Among other things this shows that contributors by their increased efforts, are aware of the serious attempts that are being made to keep the intellectual tone of the *College Magazine* at a high level.

*The Literary Editor.*

# COLLEGE NOTES

*The current year*

The College is completing the second year of its work at Tambaram. Looking back upon the year, we are full of thankfulness for the richer life that has come into the College and for the smoothness and harmony with which things have moved on and the good fellowship that staff and students have enjoyed during the year. As we break up for the summer vacation, what mars our happiness is the thought that two very popular members of the College staff will not be with us to share in the normal work of the College from the beginning of the next academic year. The College Union Society at the crowded farewell meeting held in Anderson Hall on February 22, paid to the two retiring members of staff a fine tribute which their distinguished services to the College have merited.

*The Rev. Gordon Matthews*

Mr. Matthews joined the staff of the College in 1921 having worked at Coimbatore as a missionary of the London Mission. His teaching experience in the London Mission High School at Coimbatore had equipped him for his lecturing work in College, and generations of students have paid striking tribute to the effectiveness of his class-room instruction. But far more than as a teacher, he will be remembered in the history of the Christian College for the share which he took in building up for the College its new abode at Tambaram. When at the time of the formal opening of the new buildings, Mr. Matthews reviewed the work that had been achieved at Tambaram, he paid a magnificent tribute to the initiators of the enterprise. He said: 'We cannot take part in this ceremony without remembering Alexander Moffat and William Meston. Tambaram as a policy is Meston's; as a place, it is Moffat's. . . . . . When Dr. Moffat found Tambaram, it was Dr. Meston who by the public confidence and respect that he commanded secured from the Government and Legislature of this Presidency the magnificent support which they accorded to this project. Dr. Meston left India when this site was still a jungle. Dr. Moffat saw these buildings towards completion. Both planned and toiled—with failing health but unflagging zeal—to the very end, to build this new home for the College they loved and served so well. And today it stands for us as their enduring memorial.' Those who heard Mr. Matthews speak on that occasion knew what a magnificent piece of work Mr. Matthews himself had done, and how he had spent some of the best years of his life in the making of this new home for the College. Those who know how unstintingly he gave time and thought to the execution of this great enterprise and how unreservedly he placed his exceptional gifts of enthusiasm and judgment at the diposal of the College as Secretary of the Building Committee realise that he too has built for himself a lasting memorial at Tambaram. His work in Senatus and College Council, as Bursar and Librarian, and in various other activities has been of exceptionally high value.

Many have known him as a generous giver, and we shall miss his wise counsel and his inspiring addresses and sermons. The good wishes of the entire College community, staff and students, past and present, accompany Mr. and Mrs. Matthews as they leave us and settle down in their homeland.

*Mr. O.F.E. Zacharias*

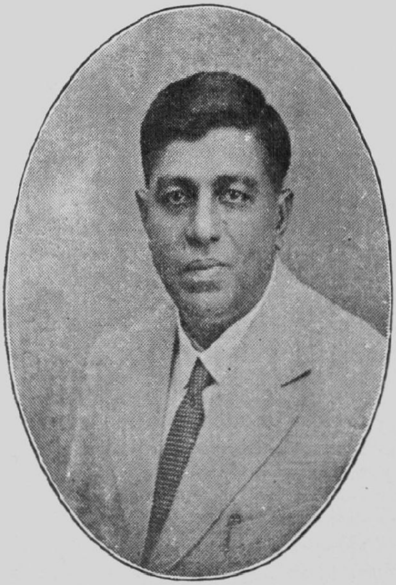
Mr. Zacharias is retiring from service at the end of this year, and it has come as a surprise to most of us that he has reached the age of retirement. Throughout his career as a member of staff of this College, he has endeared himself to the members of the College, and with his fine gift of speech his classes and public lectures have always been a source of real delight to all who heard him. Though he ceases to be a member of the staff, he will not cease to be an active worker in the interests of the wider community. We congratulate him on his recent election as a member of the Senate and we look forward to his having a continued career of usefulness in many public activities in the City of Madras. We feel sure that he will continue to maintain in several ways his connection with the College community. Two years ago, with the goodwill of the College, Mr. Zacharias intended to contest the Indian Christian constituency of the West Coast, but his loyalty to the party made him give room to another member of the community to be put up as the party's candidate, and on a recent occasion, the Premier complimented Mr. Zacharias on the fine qualities of goodwill and sportsmanship which he then displayed. We are proud of Mr. Zacharias. We believe that his retirement from College opens up for him further opportunities for public service, for which he has exceptional qualifications. We wish him well in the years that lie before him.

*Congratulations to Dr. W.F. Kibble*

We are happy to report that Mr. Kibble has been awarded the Ph. D. degree by the University of Edinburgh for research carried out under the direction of Dr. A.C. Aitkin, F.R.S., well-known for his work in the algebra of matrices, and applications of that theory to the mathematical theory of statistics. The research was done mainly in Edinburgh in the year 1935-36 and during the long vacation in 1938, but partly also in vacations spent in Tambaram. It seems to indicate that the quietness of Tambaram is an asset not only for students of the College but also for members of staff who undertake intensive study both in the vacation as well as during term. We understand that the various papers that constitute the thesis will be shortly appearing in mathematical or statistical journals. We offer our hearty congratulations to Dr. Kibble.

*Farewell to Mr. H. Schaetti*

On January 24 the members of the College Council and of the staff met in the Anderson Hall to bid farewell to our College architect, Mr. Henry Schaetti, on the eve of his return to his home-land, Switzerland. The arrangements for the tea party, the first function of the kind held in the Anderson Hall, were excellent, and after tea, Mr. Matthews paid to Mr. Schaetti who was a member of the College fellowship for 9 years a fine tribute for the great work he had done in this place. In a later issue of the Magazine we hope to publish



MR. O. F. E. ZACHARIAS

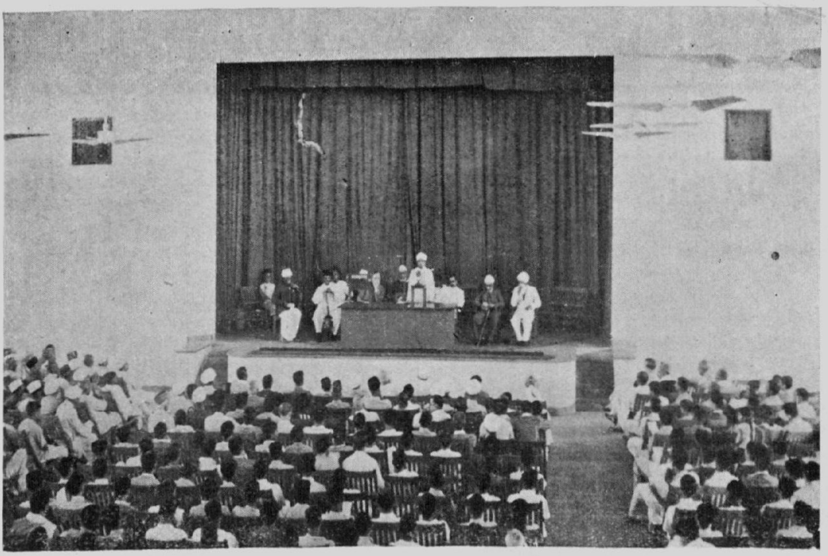
a fuller account of his work. Mr. Schaetti was presented with a carved rosewood table and pictures of the various building of the College. Mr. Schaetti expressed his appreciation of the fine spirit in which the staff co-operated with him in his work, and paid a tribute to the work done by Mr. Barnes in providing the proper live setting to the new buildings. Mr. Schaetti will long be remembered in South India as the builder of a worthy habitation for the Madras Christian College. We wish him and Mrs. Schaetti every happiness in their years of retirement.

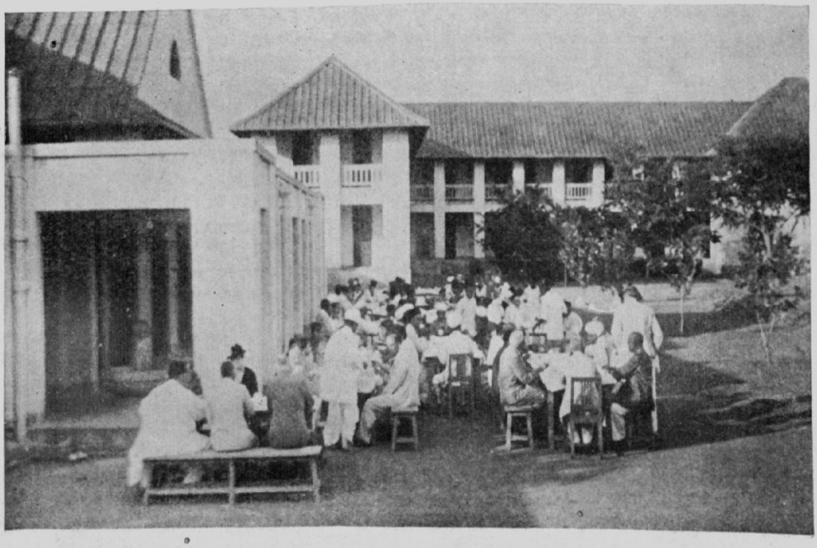
# COLLEGE DAY CELEBRATIONS

The forty-eighth College Day was celebrated at Tambaram on Friday, January 13. Members of the College Day Association began to arrive at 8 in the morning, and after *chota* at St. Thomas's Hall, they assembled in Room No. 2 when Professor E. Barnes gave a talk on 'The Madras Christian College as it is'. He traced the history of the buildings at Tambaram and paid a fine tribute to the architect Mr. Schaetti. At 9-45 Mr. T. Chengalvaroyan delivered an address on 'The Indian Federation'. A large number of the present students of the College were also present, and a lively discussion followed, representatives of law, banking and of the teaching profession bringing out various points of view chiefly in favour of the Federation. The speaker pointed out, in his concluding speech, that, though he was not against the idea of Federation, the Federation as envisaged in the constitution was unacceptable to India. At 10-30 a.m. a Conference of the former students was held, and was followed by breakfast. In the afternoon a musical entertainment was given at St. Thomas's Hall, and a large gathering was present at tea, which was followed by a public meeting in the Anderson Hall presided over by Sir Alladi Krishnaswami Iyer, who was proposed to the chair by Sir Md. Usman. After a resolution of condolence had been passed, the house standing, in memory of the late Hon'ble Mr. K. Raman Menon, Minister for Courts and Prisons, and the late Mr. W. R. Parthasarathy Iyengar, retired Headmaster of the Madras Christian College High School, the Chairman proposed the toast of the College and paid a warm tribute to the memory of the teachers who had moulded the lives of so many of the students that came into the Christian College. He specially referred to the late Mr. F. W. Kellett, Dr. Skinner and Dr. E. M. Macphail. The Principal responded to the toast. Mr. S. Satyamurthy proposed the toast of the retired Professors, and in reply, a letter from the Rev. Dr. A. G. Hogg was read by one of the Joint-Secretaries, Mr. K. Sanjiva Kamath. Mr. V. Chakkarai then proposed the toast of 'Our Young Friends', which was responded to by Mr. P. P. Hassan Koya, President of the College Union Society. Mr. T. S. Anantaraman proposed the toast of 'Our Guests', and the Hon'ble Mr. C. J. Varkey, Minister for Education responded to it. The proceedings were then brought to an end, the vote of thanks being proposed by Mr. S. Balasingam Satya, Joint-Secretary.

At the conclusion of the public meeting, the students of the College enacted 'Hamlet', and thereafter several of the former students were entertained as guests of the different Halls at dinner. We are very happy that the College Day celebrations are becoming more interesting because of the many facilities that are afforded at Tambaram for celebrations of that kind.

# COLLEGE DAY CELEBRATIONS





**Principal's reply to the toast**

Long, long ago, in the days before the Great Migration, there used to be an annual gathering in the old Anderson Hall, at which various gold medals were presented and several maunds of books were handed out as prizes. The prizes are still awarded, and the medals still find their billets, but, for various good reasons, the meeting has disappeared from our calendar, and along with it has disappeared the Principal's Annual Report, which used to be one of the main features of the occasion. I can assure you that the Principal has no regrets on the subject; but at the same time it is good that there should be some fixed occasion on which it is the business of some member of the Senatus publicly to review the life and work of the College, and to take stock of its successes and failures during the past year. Now the College Day and this toast of the College seem to supply the proper occasion, and I therefore genuinely welcome the opportunity of replying to the toast.

Speaking on the same occasion last year, Dr. Hogg made what one might describe as an interim report on the results of the migration to Tambaram, and I think you will expect me today to give a further report on the same subject in the light of another year's experience. Let me say at once that, in my view, (and I believe it is the view of all my colleagues), the migration has been an unqualified success. I do not know of anybody who has any regrets, unless the proprietors of coffee-clubs in Linghi Chetty St., Thambu Chetty St., and China Bazaar Road, and I do know that everyone of us finds cause for thankfulness every day, in the almost ideal conditions under which we now work. The College buildings proper are everything that one could wish College buildings to be; the residential Halls are, both in idea and in execution, something new to India, and represent a valuable step forward; and the buildings are set in an environment which is a constant delight. Again and again, during the recent meeting of the International Missionary Council, I was assured by people who were competent to speak, that in its union of simplicity, adequacy, and unaffected beauty, this new home of ours had no superior, and probably no equal, anywhere in the East. We owe a great debt of gratitude to Dr. Moffat and Dr. Meston for the foresight and sagacity which they showed in pioneering the Tambaram idea, and while there are many who can claim a share, large or small, in the credit of having translated the idea into fact, there are three people whom I would specially mention this evening. In the first place Mr. Schaetti, our Architect, who will shortly leave us. It is impossible to conceive a better architect, for our purpose at any rate, than Mr. Schaetti. We needed one who would combine in himself the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the imagination of an artist, and the thoroughness of an experienced craftsman, and in Mr. Schaetti we found the nearest approach to our ideal that we could possibly have found in this imperfect world. I think he will be remembered in Madras chiefly as the man who made red roofs, and although he was much criticised at first, I believe posterity will be grateful to him. But at any rate the buildings of this College will always keep alive the memory of a great architect. In the second place I should like to mention Mr. Matthews, who will also be leaving

us at the end of the present academic year. For about nine years, 'the Tambaram Scheme', as we used to call it, was his main business in life. He meditated on it, he worked at it, he wrote about it, he talked about it, he dreamt about it, and I'm sure he must sometimes have had nightmares about it. I was in the closest possible contact with him thoughout those nine years, and twice in his absence I took over the responsibility from him, so I know better than most people what a burden he had to carry. For his courage, his sagacity, his persistence, the College owes him an incalculable debt and I am very glad that he was able to come back and spend even one year in the new place which he did so much to create. Finally, I should like to say a word about the work of Mr. Barnes. Mr. Barnes is not leaving us, but the work that he has done, and is doing, is so apt to be taken for granted that I cannot refrain from mentioning it on this suitable occasion. Those of you who remember what this part of the Selaiyur Forest Reserve looked like, say, in the year 1929, will be able to appreciate what a contribution to the success of the migration Mr. Barnes has made by his work on trees, and hedges, and lawns, and shrubs. The College has been very fortunate to have one who had both the will and the skill to make this piece of work his own, and the beauty of our estate is largely due to what he has done.

But now let me pass from the external surroundings of our new life here in Tambaram, and say something about our College life itself. Of course we have not made an entirely new start here, for we had no desire to do that. We wanted to preserve our continuity with the old life and the old traditions—you will find that continuity in some measure symbolised in the name of this hall, the Anderson Hall, and in the name of the Miller Memorial Library along the way—and I believe we have succeeded. If you were to ask yourself what were the special marks of the Christian College in former days, I think you would say first, the stamping on the wooden galleries of the old class rooms. Well, that is one of the old traditions that has not been carried over into Tambaram, either because wooden galleries are not very numerous here, or else because present-day students have better manners than their predecessors! But, after the stamping on the galleries, you would come to two more important things, closely connected, I think, with each other, which probably always have been the characteristic features of life in the Christian College. The first is that the College has not set before itself any narrowly academic aim, but has desired always to offer an education which would affect the *whole* of a student's life, because it would affect the *centre* of his life, namely his personal relationship with God. The second feature is that most of the staff and at any rate a considerable number of the students have always been on such intimate terms of friendship and understanding, that you might say the College life was for them the life of a close-knit family. Well, I can say most confidently that in the migration to Tambaram neither of these good features has been lost, but rather they have been intensified. To take the more obvious thing first, there are 450 resident students in this place, and about 50 resident members of staff and we are most emphatically a very united

family. And the 300 non-residents are by no means left outside. I do not believe there is any College in the world where staff and students are living together in a happier fellowship, and I think that both my colleagues and the students themselves share my view. And, as for the religious purpose of the College, if it be our purpose to ensure that no student will pass out from amongst us without somehow being faced with the fact of God and with the will of God as we, being a Christian College, understand it; if that be our purpose —not to force our Christianity on people but to help them to see God as we have seen Him—then I do believe we have greater opportunities here than we even had before, of passing on something of lasting benefit to our students.

The old aims, then, are not being neglected, they are rather being more adequately fulfilled, under conditions which give more scope for their fulfilment, and meanwhile new things are being done. On the academic side, students have better opportunities than they ever had before, of personal assistance from tutors and other resident teachers. And the other activities of College life, athletic, social, dramatic, and oratorical have a wider opportunity than under the old conditions, and are profiting by the opportunity. More people are playing games, more people are acting, more people are debating than was possible before. I should like to say in passing I hinted it a moment ago—that the non-resident student is by no means shut out from all the benefits which arise from our being a predominantly residential College. For the past two years, we have been compelled for the most part to tell students whose homes were in Madras City that we were unable to admit them to residence, and sometimes their parents think that they are going to be deprived of the best part of College life. That is by no means entirely true. The non-residents benefit in all sorts of ways from the fact that the College is predominantly a residential College, and if a few of them spend a little more time in travelling than they would have done if the College had been in Georgetown, any student with common sense can almost wholly compensate for this by a wise use of the splendid reading-room of the Miller Memorial Library during the mid-day tiffin hour, and I am glad to notice that many of them do.

If some of you former students were to come back to College now, I think the most striking change you would notice would be the change in the life of the Intermediate student. The Intermediate student of to-day is a very fortunate or a very unfortunate creature (it all depends on tastes) as compared with his predecessors of some years ago. He has to undergo one examination every week. If he is a resident student, and if he belongs to Class I, he has to do his preparation every morning in the Hall theatre under the eye of a member of staff, and whatever class he is in, he has to undergo the inquisitive investigations of various tutors who visit him at regular intervals. If he wants to be idle, I should say that he must find life hardly worth living, poor fellow. If on the other hand he wants to work, he gets more assistance than you of the older generation ever got. Times are changing. Twenty years ago, it was taken for granted, I suppose, that a teacher's business was to lecture and a student's business was to learn. Nowadays, the common opinion is changing, and it seems to be taken for

granted that the function of the College is to drive the student somehow or other to success in his examinations. In this College, we have always shrunk from some of the less pleasant implications of this view. We have always insisted, and I hope we shall continue to insist, on a very clear distinction being drawn between the function of a University College, and the function of a crammer's institution. But, within the limits which are prescribed by any sound theory of education, we have in recent years been steadily adjusting our methods to new conditions, and the new adjustments are, under Tambaram conditions, much less difficult to make than they otherwise would be.

It would be a very strange thing if I were to close my remarks without a reference to Dr. and Mrs. Hogg, who, for thirty years or so exercised such an influence on successive generations of students of this College, and who figured so prominently at many College days. I dare say it has seemed to many of you that without their presence there was something strangely incomplete about a College Day, but we all of us, I am sure, rejoice to think that after so many years of service, they are enjoying the rest and quiet which they need and which they have amply earned.

## LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. A. G. HOGG

## To the Former Students of the Madras Christian College Assembled on College Day, 1939

*Dear Comrades of our Great College Fellowship,*

On College Day a year ago, when the assembled former students of the College bade so kind a farewell to my wife and myself, we little thought that the passing of another twelve months would find us still in India. But a cable received at Easter, inviting me to take part in the World Conference organised at Tambaram by the International Missionary Council, led us to change our arrangements and to spend the intervening months on the Nilgiris. We now plan to sail in March. Whether any little further service that God may still allow us to do for this land which we have learned so much to love is to be rendered from afar by settling down in Scotland, or whether we may return to some place of retirement within India itself, is a puzzling question on which we do not yet see clearly.

The College Day Committee have honoured me by the request that this year I should be the writer of the customary annual letter from a representative of the retired professors. Neither did the Committee realise, nor did I myself remember in time, that in a formal reference this request was out of order. For although I resigned the Principalship at the end of last College year, I do not yet belong to the revered order of the Retired Professors, my formal status continuing, till June 30th, to be only that of a professor on leave preparatory to retirement. I owe a profound apology, therefore, to the genuine retired professors for having absent-mindedly usurped a function for which I am technically disqualified. But I am encouraged to count on a ready forgiveness when I remember that absent-mindedness is counted a venial fault in men of the professorial calling, even before they reach retiring age. At

any rate I can honestly say that, had I remembered the disqualification before it was too late to draw back, I should certainly have seized on so good a reason for declining a task to which, pleasant though it is and simple though it may seem, it is not easy to do justice.

This yearly letter from a retired professor is the lineal descendant of the Messages from Dr. Miller which used to be read aloud on each successive College Day. But, however authentic its lineage, it is a very light-weight descendant as compared with those massive annual pronouncements. They belonged to a time when men were less easily surfeited by long disquisitions. To-day the annual letter has become a more homely affair. Yet its homely character does not necessarily make it easier to write. If out of a full heart one may only write a few words, what shall they be?

Perhaps it does not matter much, provided that they really come from the heart. For what you, the former students, want of your selected correspondent is that for a moment he shall come among you again, no longer as a teacher but as an equal comrade in our great College fellowship, and by revealing some small fragment of what he is now thinking and feeling, shall help to cement the very real bond that unites all true members of that fellowship.

I am sure that, however varied may have been our several pre-occupations during the past year, and however divergent may be our trends of opinion, we have all been sharing a common feeling of anxiety and bewilderment. To even the most casual reader of the daily press the critical international developments which have been crowded into the last few months must have caused acute concern. And when the whole world is so manifestly at a turning of the ways, can any one escape some measure of bewilderment as he seeks, open-mindedly, to plan a true route amid rival ideologies and conflicting loyalties?

What is a man to do when he is pulled in different directions by the claims of communal piety and national unity, of party loyalty and individual judgment, of national development and international peace and order? What is a man to think when watchwords which he once accepted as sacred principles begin to look like mere shibboleths?

I suppose that, not so very many years ago, there was hardly a single graduate of our College but was ready to echo the old slogan of Liberalism: 'Self-Government is more important than good Government'. By 'Self-Government' I think what was then meant was 'Responsible Government'. Is there any unanimity about that to-day? I surmise that a slogan more apposite to the actual attitude of a majority of Indian Nationalists at present would be: 'Government by our own Nationals is more important than responsible Government'. And in the old democracies are there not many citizens who, faced by the masterful efficiency of the Dictatorships, are beginning to wonder whether, perhaps, efficient government is not more important than responsible Government? These are but a few of the watchwords expressed or implicit in the bickerings of to-day. What watchword are we to select? And if we are not quite convinced by any, how can we plan our course at all?

If it were not alien to the purpose of this letter, I could pile up

illustrations of what I have in mind—illustrations of the way in which the elderly and the middle-aged among us are bewildered by finding ourselves, not only in politics, but on social, economic, scientific, theological and philosophical issues, summoned to a radical reconsideration of our old ideas and maxims, lest the true principles implicit in them be swept away along with their out-grown formulations. It is a time when we must be content to feel our way, step by step, doing our duty as we see it, and not censorious of one another's blunders.

It will be a great matter if we can keep from such censoriousness. Doing one's duty is always in some degree a lonely business, for no man's duty is quite the same as another's. But it is doubly lonely if what I count my duty, my fellows censoriously condemn as wrong-hearted misconduct. And such moral loneliness is apt to sap the foundations of virtue, for the sense of comradeship is an essential ingredient of the power to resist temptation. Faithfulness to standards of conduct which we are conscious that our comrades count upon our maintaining is far less difficult than faithfulness to standards which, on a moral view, are equally obligatory, but of which we know that they will not be surprised at our falling short. Our College Day reunions will do a prime service if, in these perplexing times when the conscientious man must inevitably face a good deal of moral loneliness, they foster in us the sense of being upheld by a moral comradeship.

We have all heard, and perhaps been stirred by, the story of Nelson's signal to his fleet as it sailed into the battle of Trafalgar. 'England this day expects every man to do his duty'. How much more heartening this than the chill exhortation, 'Do your duty'; for the flinch from danger became unthinkable when each man remembered that absent comrades and loved ones trusted him not to flinch. There lives in my recollection a cherished incident. At an investigation into certain shady practices one man, who happened to be a former student of our College, was asked if he had had any share in the same. I can never forget the obvious genuineness of the indignant astonishment with which he exclaimed: 'I am a Christian College man. How *could* I do that?' Is this an isolated case, or does it reflect a wide-spread sentiment? If the latter, then certainly the Madras Christian College has not laboured in vain. That our annual College Day reunions may foster in each of us the sense of belonging to a great fellowship which counts on every member thinking his way, step by step, through the perplexities of this troubled age, daring to act as his conscience directs, and judging all other men with charity—this is the prayer of him who is proud to sign himself,

Your loyal comrade,
A. G. Hogg.

# OUR FORMER STUDENTS*

It is a matter of great interest and satisfaction that one of our former students Mr. V. Sommaya has been made a High Court Judge in succession to Sir C. Madhavan Nair, another former student of the College.

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Mr. N. Sundararama Sastri, M.A., M.Sc., University Reader in Statistics, has been given a scholarship by our University, and he has gone to England to carry out further research work on the statistical side in the London School of Economics.

Mr. M. S. Subramanian, M.A., after studying statistical theory in the Mathematics Honours course has been studying privately for the various examinations of the Society of Actuaries and has now gone to London to complete his qualification as an actuary. He is undergoing practical training.

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Mr. D. S. Rajabushanam, M.A., has been appointed Assistant to the Statistical Officer with the Director of Industries.

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Dr. D. D. Dasen was appointed some time ago as Assistant Director of Fisheries.

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*The Editor will be glad to receive news regarding former students.

The Madras Presidency has sustained a great loss in the untimely death of the Hon'ble Mr. K. Raman Menon, Minister for Courts and Prisons. During the eighteen months he was in office, he endeared himself to those with whom he came in contact by his affability and gentlemanliness as well as by his transparent sincerity and great tact. He was one of the younger ministers of the Madras Cabinet and within the short period he held office, he initiated a far-reaching plan of prison reform which has enhanced the reputation of the ministry. We offer our sympathy to the members of the bereaved family and trust that his example of constructive work may inspire the *alumni* of the College and the youth of the country.

# SOCIETIES

*The College Union Society*

The Secretary, Mr. R. Venkatachalam, at the very beginning held out the assurance that the Union would make history this year, and he has abundantly carried out his promise—thanks to the whole-hearted co-operation of all concerned.

We have had fifteen meetings during this academic year. The members have had the pleasure of hearing persons of prime importance in the political field, namely, the Hon. Mr. V. V. Giri, Sir A. P. Patro, Dr. J. C. Kumarappa, Mr. N. S. Varadachari, Mr. S. Satyamurti, Dr. Pattabi Sitaramiah, and Shrimati Kamaladevi Chatopadhyaya. Apart from these lectures, there have been inter-hall debates, further enlivened by participants from outside and from among the Staff. A particularly interesting feature was a Mock-Parliament, held during the first term.

Representatives of our Union acquitted themselves creditably at oratorical contests and debates held in other Unions and Colleges. Mr. Clement Paul and Mr. A.G. John, representing our Union at the Y.M.I.A. Oratorical Contest won the Kasturi Ranga Iyengar Memorial Cup for the second time.

The last meeting of the second term and the very first in the Anderson Hall was held on Tuesday, the 15th November, 1938. Shrimati Kamaladevi Chatopadhyaya spoke on 'Parties within the Congress'. The Rev. A. J. Boyd presided.

On the 6th of January a meeting was held in memory of Mr. K. Raman Menon, Minister for Courts and Prisons. Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias moved the condolence resolution, which was conveyed to the members of the bereaved family.

Our Union was represented by Mr. P. P. Hassan Koya and Mr. S. R. Avadhani at a debate held under the auspices of the Madras University Union on January the 16th. The subject for discussion was 'That in the interest of Hindu-Muslim Unity, Muslims should join the Congress'. The former opposed the motion and the latter supported it. Our representatives gave a good account of themselves.

An Inter-Hall debate was held on Friday the 27th January, both staff and students participating. The motion, 'That in the opinion of this House, non-violence is, to an Indian, a creed rather than a policy' was brought up for discussion before the House. Mr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Professor of Philosophy, Pachaiyappa's College acted as Observer.

Elections were held on Thursday, the 2nd February, for the posts of Secretary and Student-Chairman of the Union for the coming academic year. Mr. S. Padmanabhan and Mr. Victor G. M. Pavamani, both of IV Hons. (English) were elected for the respective posts. We wish them every success in the tasks ahead.

Mr. Peter Paul Pandian and Mr. P. P. Hassan Koya acquitted themselves gloriously in an Inter-Collegiate Debate held under the auspices of the Pachaiyappa's College Union on the 11th February. Our team was awarded, 'The Pachaiyappa's College Principal's Cup' inaugurated this

year. Mr. Peter Paul Pandian also secured the second individual prize.

On Thursday the 16th of February, an Inter-Collegiate debate was held for the first time after the 'great migration' to Tambaram. There were participants from the University Union, Pachaiyappa's College, Law College and Loyola College besides our own representatives, namely, Mr. Clement Paul and Mr. Peter Paul Pandian. The motion 'That in the opinion of this House, the foreign policy of the British Government is not in the interests of world peace' was carried. Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias acted as Observer. The debate was of a very high order, and I have no doubt that it was the most interesting function held by the Union this year.

Mr. P. S. Raman and Mr. S. R. Avadhani represented our Union in an Inter-Collegiate Debate held on the 20th of February under the auspices of the Government Muhammadan College Union Society. The subject for discussion was, 'That in the opinion of this House, a European war is bound to come sooner or later'.

The Union met on the 22nd of February to accord a farewell to our retiring professors, the Rev. Gordon Matthews and Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias. Sir Muhammed Usman presided.

Mr. M. Ruthnaswamy, President of the Public Services Commission, delivered the valedictory address of the Union on the 28th of February. He spoke on 'The way to peace'. The Rev. A. J. Boyd presided.

This in brief is a survey of the work turned out by the Union during this academic year. It is a great pity that for want of funds we could not send representatives to the competitive debates held by the Osmania University (Hyderabad), and the Mysore University. It would not be too inapposite to suggest a slight increase in the Union fee, in order that the Union might not be handicapped in its good work.

The report will have lost the best part of it if I do not mention the unerring guidance of Rev. A. J. Boyd, our President, the ready help and marvellous tact of our Vice-President, Mr. S. Samuel who has displayed a genius for sorting out things during difficult situations. It has been a pleasure to work with that embodiment of zeal, Mr. P. P. Hassan Koya, our Student-Chairman. And unobtrusively resting on his laurels is Mr. R. Venkatachalam, our Secretary who has cherished the Union with the fervour of a fanatic and has been the prime factor in its magnificent achievements during this academic year.

I have nothing more to add except once again to thank all those who co-operated in making the work of the Union during this academic year a uniform success from beginning to end and to wish all luck to the members of the Union during the coming 'Ides of March'.

S. T. APPACHANA,
*Assistant Secretary.*

*The Brotherhood*

Owing to the nearness of the examination no excursion could be arranged.

As regards social service, periodical visits have been paid to the Irumbuliyur village during this term. A large party of Students of St. Thomas's Hall gave moonlight after-dinner entertainments on the 7th February and again on February 25, and March 3. The Village Welfare Association started during the first

term at our suggestion is becoming popular among the villagers. Our friendly contacts with Selaiyur Chery established last year are being kept up. We are very gratified to note that the Irumbuliyur Welfare Association has started a night school which is being conducted regularly on all nights excepting on Sundays. Four villagers help as teachers, and there are over 40 pupils on the rolls, and members of staff visit the school and help in directing the work of the School. The Chairman of the District Board has given the necessary permission for the use of the School building for conducting the night school. The Moffat Chest is rendering good medical aid at the verandah of the Tambaram Welfare Centre, thrice a week in the evenings. The Chest will be permanently installed in the new building of the Tambaram Welfare Centre when it is completed.

The Painters' Club and the Wood Work Club newly started this year under the auspices of the Brotherhood have done appreciable work and our thanks are due to Mrs. Gordon Matthews who conducted classes in painting. We hope there will be a bright future for these two Clubs.

I take this opportunity of thanking all my fellow-students and others who had helped the Brotherhood in its various activities.

V. A. Ramachandran,
*General Secretary.*

*The Christian Union*

We listened to the best speech of the year when, early this term, Dr. T. Z. Koo of China gave a soul-stirring lecture on 'The Undeclared War in China, and World Peace'. The full and exalted meaning of Christian fortitude dawned on many of us as we listened to his noble speech. The nations may desert China in her hour of trial, but we are convinced that the Christian heart of that great nation will, with patience, conquer the carnal spirit of Japan's war-lords.

We had a Christian Union Service in the Anderson Hall on Sunday the 5th of February. A special form of service was drawn up for the occasion by the Rev. T. G. Platten. The service was conducted by the President and the General Secretary, and the Rev. D. W. Wolfenden, Principal of the Doveton-Corrie Boys' School, preached the Sermon, stressing the importance of 'direction' in our lives.

Dr. Kagawa, the 'Gandhi of Japan', gave an interesting interview to members of our Union on the 14th of February. We were glad to note his criticism of Barthian theology, and the need in this age to realise the immanence of God in a re-born society. Conversion, he said, was an individual experience of God's creative work in the soul, and he was critical of mass or groups conversions. He spoke of Church Union as a consummation to be realised gradually by the longings and efforts of indegenous Christians.

The Annual Sports and Prize Distribution for pupils of the Sunday Classes conducted in and around Tambaram under the auspices of the Union will be held at the end of February. We take this opportunity to thank all those kind friends who have contributed towards the expenses of this function.

We will not be having a Devotional Meeting this term because we have had our own special Service. The usual terminal Discussion Meeting too has been cancelled because we have had Dr. Koo and the Rev. R. Robin

Woods to speak to us. The latter gave us a very instructive and inspiring lecture, early this term, on 'Christian Students in Universities.'

Our activities for the year will close with a three-hour retreat in March just before the College closes for the summer vacation.

We wish our senior members success both in their examinations and in life outside the College.

J. Clement Ratnaiya,
*General Secretary.*

*English Honours Association*

Breaking away from tradition and convention, without holding an inaugural meeting, we began our activities in right earnest at the very beginning of the session. We held altogether nine meetings, three each term, all of them presided over by students. In one of these Dr. J. F. Butler, M.A., Ph. D., spoke on A. E. Housman, while in all the rest students read papers or delivered speeches. Dr. Butler's speech was of great interest to us. In all our meetings we attached great importance to the questions raised by the audience and the discussions that followed, when professors and students, both engaged in vigorous verbal warfare. Rhyme and Metre in Poetry, Lyric Poetry, Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, The Versatility of Goldsmith, Wordsworth's Theory of Poetry, Nature Poetry and Futility in Modern English Literature were some of the subjects that we discussed. Now, at the end of the year, taking a retrospective glance, we feel happy that the Association has done very well this year.

Our Professor, Mr. Gordon Matthews and Mrs. Matthews are leaving us at the end of the year. The news reached us with startling unexpectedness. We had hoped they would be with us for a longer time. We are incapable of expressing our feelings in adequate terms. However, we wish them all happiness and prosperity in their retired life. We believe that, living in England in quiet, homely peacefulness, they will often think of India; and that they will continue to think of Tambaram.

Our President, Mr. Macphail is also going home. Even though he will return by the end of the next academic year, to most of us, this is the last year with him. Our best wishes go with him. He was of great help to me in his capacity as the President of the Association ; and I here wish to express my gratitude to him.

On behalf of the Association, I wish the seniors and the juniors all success in the forthcoming final and preliminary examinations.

I conclude this report with a sense of satisfaction and joy, with an expression of my thanks to Messrs. C. J. Mathew Tharakan, K. V. Srinivasa Rao, G. H. Jansen, and K. M. Govindan, and with great expectations for the future years during the secretaryship of my successors.

A. Madhava Menon,
*Secretary.*

*The Madras Christian College Literary Society.*

This term it was possible for us to have only one debate. The subject for the debate seemed to be so very interesting that the debate had to be continued for some days. This year we have had four debates, three lectures and two business meetings.

There will be another extraordinary meeting of the Society to bid farewell to its retiring president.

Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias who had been the president of the Society for several years will retire this year. Throughout, he took great interest in the work the Society, and always aimed at making it self-reliant. We take this opportunity to thank him for all the good services he has rendered to the Society.

From past experience, we find it inconvenient to hold the meetings between 1-45 and 2-15 p.m. The Society will be thankful if an hour in the time-table is left free for all the intermediate classes to be utilised for the Society's meetings.

RAJADURAI MICHAEL,
*Secretary.*

*Tamil Sangham*

Under the auspices of the Tamil Sangham a debate was held on the 9th Feb. at 5 p.m. in the Anderson Hall. The proposition, 'Hindi cannot be the *lingua franca* of India' was moved by Vidvan Rajamanickam Pillai and supported by Mr. C. N. Annadurai, M.A. It was opposed by Mr. T. Chengalvaroyan, B.A., B.L. and seconded by Prof. M. S. Sabhesan. There were assembled over 300 people and perhaps that was the largest gathering the Sangham ever had. The subject was discussed with much zeal and the audience enjoyed the eloquence of the speakers of the evening, especially of Messrs. C.N. Annadurai and T. Chengalvaroyan. The proposition was not put to vote as there were many outsiders in the audience.

We are grateful to Mr. V.A. Ramachandran, the Student-chairman of the Sangham, who has presented two prizes, a silver cup and a book, for elocution, in his name. The elocution competition was held on Feb. 21. 'The raising of the standard of Tamil in the University' was the subject of elocution, and we are pleased to note that the elocution was of a fairly high level. The first and second prizes were won by Messrs. N. Vellaiyan of Class I and G. Gnanasikamani of Class III respectively. Our thanks are due to Messrs. S. D. Sargunar, M. S. Sabhesan and Rajasekaran, who acted as judges. The prizes were distributed on the occasion of the valedictory address of the Sangham. 'The Ramachandran elocution competition' will be conducted every year.

We are highly gratified to note that the Tamil Sangham had a very successful career during this academic year. The few interesting debates and the many enlivening and enlightening lectures by distinguished persons have not only attracted the attention of all the Tamil students in the College, but also have kindled in them love and esteem for their mother-tongue. The Sangham has thus served its purpose quite creditably and we earnestly hope there will be a still brighter future for it.

The valedictory address of the Sangham was delivered by Mr. Kandasamy Mudaliar, B.A. on February 28. Mr. Kandasamy Mudaliar spoke on two lines in 'Manimekalai'.

I take this opportunity to thank the Presidents of the Sangam for their kind co-operation and also all the others who have helped me in the discharge of my duties.

K. N. SRINIVASAN,
*Secretary.*

*Andhra Bashabhi Ranjani Sangham*

We were grieved to hear of Mr. T. Rajagopal Rao's death, which occurred last December. He was with us last year and he is no more now. We held a condolence meeting and sent our condolences to his relations.

The Sangham cannot boast of having performed its duty perfectly, but we had the good fortune of having in our midst Mr. Devulapalle Krishna Sastri.

The valedictory address of the Sangham will shortly be delivered and we close this year with new hopes for the next.

A. VENKATASUBBA REDDY,
*Secretary.*

*Malayalee Association*

Under the auspices of the above Association Mr. V. Titus Varughese, M.A. delivered a very interesting lecture on 'Valia Koil Thampuran and Malayalam literature' in Selaiyur Hall on Friday the 11th November at 5 p.m. Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, B.A. presided. The lecture was very interesting throughout.

On the 23rd of November, an address of felicitation was presented to Mahakavi Vallathol, the premier poet of Malabar, in the Anderson Hall, on the occasion of his 61st brithday by the Association.

After the presentation of the address we had a very entertaining programme of Bharata Natyam and Oriental Dances by the Kerala Kalaamandalam Artistes. Though admission was restricted by tickets, the Anderson Hall was almost fully crowded. The Samhara Thandavam Dance (Dance of the Destruction of Siva), Hunter Dance and Kamadahanam Dance by Madhavan, and Peacock Dance and Gopastri Vastrāpaharaṇam by Jayasanker were highly appreciated by the audience. The Kalaamandalam Dancers showed to an audience both European and Indian that the forgotten Indian dances when performed well could be a glory to our country.

After the dance Mahakavi Vallathol and the Kalaamandalam Troupe were entertained at a dinner given in their honour by the Rev. J. R. Macphail, M.A. and the Committee of the Malayalee Association.

On February 10, Mr. V. Titus Varughese, M.A. spoke to us on 'Travancore University'. Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, Professor, Presidency College presided. The whole function was very interesting. With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the function terminated.

We are arranging another meeting on February 17, when Mr. Moorkoth Kumaran, a leading prose writer and critic in Malabar, will speak to us on Mahakavi Kumaranassan and on the 28th February, we shall be having our Annual Social gathering. We hope to give a send off to Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias retiring lecturer who was for many years the President of this Association and who has endeared himself to all of us.

K. K. KURUVILA,
*Secretary.*

*Karnataka Bhashabhi Vardhini Sangham.*

The Association is glad to report that a liberal gift of 35 valuable Kannada books to the Karnataka Bhashabhi Vardhini Sangham was made by Sri B. Bhasker Rao of Class iii. Gr. iv *b*. This has been gratefully accepted and forms a valuable addition to the Association Library.

We are planning to hold our annual 'Social' in the last week of February. But we regret that for various reasons an ordinary meeting of the Association could not be held.

A. C. NANJAPPA,
*Secretary.*

*The Mathematics Association*

This term we were chiefly engaged in astronomical meetings. We were able to observe, through the College telescope, the planet Jupiter with four of its satellites, the planet Saturn with one of its satellites, the planets Venus and Mars, the Moon with its Craters, the Great Nebula in Orion and the star-cluster in the Pleiades. But the most interesting event was a lecture by Dr. Kibble 'On the Sun and Stars' illustrated with lantern slides. The lecture covered nearly the whole field of descriptive astronomy, and it was in such a simple style that even non-mathematicians could follow and appreciate it.

We hope to have some further activities before the term ends.

P. KESAVA MENON,
*Secretary.*

*The Radio Club*

A meeting was held on Tuesday, 7th February, when Mr. P. S. Subramania Aiyar of Presidency College delivered a lecture, the subject being 'The Broadcast Receiver'. The speaker traced the difference between the ordinary 'straight set' and the 'super hetrodyne'. Since the wireless played an important part in the progress of the country, he was of opinion that the 'super hetrodyne' designed by the manufacturers should be suitable to the variations of climatic conditions of this country.

He referred to the advancement made in other countries in the field of Radio research. He suggested, in conclusion, that for the improvement of literacy in this country there should be an increased number of broadcasting and relaying stations in India.

V. NARASIMHAN,
*Secretary.*

*The Natural History Society*

The society was steadily active during the whole of this year. Since our report was published last we have had some important functions.

On the 17th November 1938 Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan, M.A. gave us an interesting lecture on 'Parental Care among Animals'. He showed us a number of lantern slides illustrating his lecture.

The Exhibition, of which we made mention in our last report, came off on the 25th and 26th November. There were separate Zoology, Physiology and Botany sections and all these three sections strove their best to put up the best show. The Botany department with its galaxy of beautiful multicoloured flowers freshly imported for the purpose from the Ooty gardens afforded a splendid spectacle. There were several experiments, dissections and charts set up in all the three sections besides the array of specimens of interest. On the whole, the Exhibition was a great success.

On the 31st January Mr. M. S. Sabhesan, M.A. gave us a lantern lecture on 'The Commonwealth of Plants'. Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan, M.A. presided. Mr. Sabhesan during the short time before him went on at an express rate and gave the audience a vivid picture of the 'commonwealth

of plants' beginning with the big and highly organised flowering plants and ending with the microscopic lowly organised forms.

Mr. Lakshminarayanan is going to supplement the above by giving a lecture on 'The Commonwealth of Animals' very soon. In fact Mr. Lakshminarayanan gave us some hints regarding his forthcoming lecture in the concluding remarks which he made in the above meeting.

We intend to arrange a few more lectures before we close for the year. We wish the best of luck to all the senior students.

JACOB ABRAHAM,
*Secretary.*

*The M.C.C. Philosophical Association*

It will be observed that during the end of last term this association changed its name slightly. Formerly it was called 'The Philosophical Association' but now it is called 'The M. C. C. Philosophical Association, where M. C. C. stands for the name of our College.

During the term under report, the Association has endeavoured to arrange a series of lectures called 'Science and Philosophy Lectures'. In this series, scientific subjects of Philosophical interest were dealt with. The first of this series was delivered by the Rev. T. G. Platten, M.A. His subject was '*Relativity*'. Dr. A. V. Moses delivered the second lecture on '*The Structure of Matter*'. He conducted various experiments to bring home the truths to the audience. The third and fourth lectures were given by Sri C. Lakshminarayanan, M.A. His subjects were 'Life: Its Origin and Evolution' and 'Are Acquired Characters Inherited?' He illustrated his lectures with lantern slides. On the whole the series was a success and was much appreciated.

The Association hopes to have a meeting on the 16th of February, when Miss George of Women's Christian College will speak on 'The Relation between Individual Will and Group Will'

The Secretary takes this opportunity to thank the various learned men who delivered lectures under the auspices of the association. The Secretary thanks the members also for having heartily co-operated in all the activities of the association.

B. A. NANDAGOPAL,
*Secretary.*

*The History and Economics Union*

On 20th January, Dr. A. Appadorai, M.A., Ph.D., addressed the union on 'Some Novel Aspects of the Indian Federation' in the St. Thomas's Hall Theatre. The meeting was a long expected one, and due to more than one reason it had to be delayed. It was largely attended, and the lecture was interesting. Mr. J. Vedasiromani, M.A.,B.L. presided.

On 8th February, Professor S. K. Yegnanarayana Ayyar, the Retired Professor of the Pachiappa's College spoke to us on 'Co-operative Finance'. Mr. S. Subbarama Aiyar presided. The lecture was very instructive, and the audience went home with all their doubts cleared on the burning problem of 'Co-operation'.

Under the auspices of the Study Circle, an interesting debate was conducted on the subject 'Socialism is the Panacea for All the Political and Economic Ills of Our Country'. Both members and non-members of the union participated in the debate.

Mr. A. G. Venkatachari was the observer. The members of the union were very happy that one of the members of the staff, Mr. K. J. Mathew Tharakan also took part in the deliberations. The motion was lost.

We take this occasion to express our thanks to all the members of the union and especially those who took active interest in the union affairs for their unstinted support and co-operation all through the year.

We hope to have our valedictory address some time in the last week of February.

M. RAMAKRISHNAYYA,
P. N. MOHANDAS,
*Secretaries.*

# ATHLETICS

*Playing Fields*

The monsoon has been a complete failure this year and the playing fields have suffered considerable damage in consequence. The proposed opening of our Cricket pitch has to be postponed to a later date as the grass in the outfield has not had a chance to grow although the pitch proper is in splendid condition. The pitch proper is the only green patch to be seen now in all the playing fields. The other grounds have almost completely dried up and unless we get some occasional rains all our efforts so far may be wasted.

*Cricket*

With the end of the League tournament cricket was not played at all this term. In our last engagement—with the Engineering College, we won a creditable victory. It was a low scoring match and the bowlers held the upper hand throughout. Score: We—all out, 84; Engineering College—all out, 79. Calappa was in brilliant form returning an analysis of 12 overs, 2 maidens, 27 runs and 6 wickets. The other four wickets fell to the wiles of B. S. Krishna Rao. This match demonstrated that we were a good team and that with reasonable luck could beat any Collegiate team.

Individually the members of the cricket team did splendidly. In batting V. Ramakrishnan, A. W. Keir, G. Ganesan and H. A. Spitteler scored 50 or above and in bowling, N. Ramachandran, B. S. Krishna Rao and P. D. Calappa took 5 or more wickets in a single match. V. Ramakrishnan and H. A. Spitteler were selected to play for the Combined Colleges. We also had the distinction of contributing the largest number of players from a College to represent the Madras University in the Inter-University Tournament—B. S. Krishna Rao, V. Ramakrishnan and H. A. Spitteler. Ramachandran and Harikrishnan were the most consistent players on the team while G. Abraham and Basker Rao also deserve mention.

It may also be mentioned that R. A. Spitteler, our last year's skipper, had the unique distinction of playing for the Europeans in the Presidency match this year. After this match he practically walked into the Madras Provincial team to play in the Inter-Provincial Tournament. We congratulate him on this remarkable achievement, all in the course of a single year.

*Football and Hockey*

High hopes were entertained of our Football and Hockey teams winning the Inter-Collegiate trophies in the knockout tournaments. The hopes were not realised, however, mostly owing to want of sufficient practice in Football, and in the case of Hockey owing to sheer bad luck. In Hockey we came up to the finals after defeating the Loyola and Engineering Colleges, who incidentally had both beaten us in the League, and had to play against the School of Technology. We were almost certain of victory as we had already beaten them in the League. But luck was against us. After each side had scored once, we had the misfortune actually to score the winning goal for our opponents by an unlucky accident. Well, luck does play a part in every game, and bad luck as well as good has to be taken without losing our heads.

*Volley ball*

The Volley ball team was not well organized this year. We have some brilliant players but have not managed to get a good team. This was clearly seen in the Inter-Collegiate tournament in which we participated. We came up to the semifinals and although we were better players we lost to a better team. Volley ball like other games do not depend on the individual brilliance of the players but on the combined effort of all the players as a team.

*Basketball*

The College team played against the Central College, Bangalore, who were on a tour in Madras late in November, and won the match after a hard and exciting game. Although the visitors were superior in the neat passing game they paid the penalty of indulging too much in it and could not keep pace with the fast virile tactics of the College team.

The Selaiyur Hall won the Inter-Hall Championship for the second time having beaten both Bishop Heber and St. Thomas's. This tournament is held as a league each Hall playing the other two Halls once. The first two matches were played last term and the last match—between St. Thomas's and Selaiyur—was played early this term. The result of the tournament was as follows:

Selaiyur beat both Bishop Heber and St. Thomas's.

St. Thomas's beat Bishop Heber and lost to Selaiyur.

Bishop Heber lost to both St. Thomas's and Selaiyur.

*Boxing*

After retaining the Inter-Collegiate Championship late last term there has been a lull in boxing. The proposed College tournament this term could not be held owing to 'lack of time' for adequate training after the Sports season and before the examinations. However, most of the boxers kept up their 'keep-fit' part of the training right through.

*Track and Field Sports*

This year the three Halls held their own Hall Sports and there was no difficulty therefore in selecting their teams for the College Sports. Although we have no outstanding athletes this year the general average is much better than in the previous years. And the other feature this year was that each Hall had entered the full quota of competitors for every event. In the Relay races especially each Hall had entered two separate teams for each race.

The College Sports were held as usual on Commemoration Day—Friday 27th January. The Heats and some Finals were finished off on Monday and Wednesday the same week. Competition was very keen this year as each Hall expected to win the Championship and no one was quite sure who would. The arrangements for the spectators were better this year as we had raised and levelled more space on the western side of the Sports field and consequently there was less congestion. The attendance at the Sports was good as usual, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was exhibited by vociferous cheering.

Two changes were made this year. Both the Relay races—4 × 200 metres and the Medley Relay were abolished and two new Relay races—4 × 100 metres and 4 × 400 metres, were introduced. These changes were amply justified as the keen competition and enthusiasm showed.

Two previous College records were broken in this year's Sports. The Discus Throw record of 77ft. 2½in. made last year by A. S. J. Henry was broken by S. Venkataramdas (Heber) with 81ft. 3in. In the 800 metres race R. A. Spitteler's record of 2 min. 11·8 secs. was lowered by T. Ratnaswamy (Selaiyur) with 2 min. 11 secs. The other two outstanding performances were in the 100 and the 400 metres races. H. A. Spitteler equalled the previous record to the credit of his brother R. A. Spitteler of 55·2 secs. in the 400 metres race. In the 100 metres race V. S. Simon equalled last year's record of 11·4 secs. by T. B. Cleur. In the other events the performances were good though not very outstanding.

In the Open Relay—4 × 200 metres, we had six teams competing. The competition was very keen throughout and the race was won by the Y.M.C.A. Collge while the Engineering College finished second.

The Old Boys' race—200 metres, was won by G. D. Mani and K. J. Somasundaram secured the second place.

**Results of Sports.** (Championship events only.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. 100 metres race ... | 1. V. S. Simon—H<br>2. A. T. Joseph—T | Time 11.4 sec. (equals College record) |
| 2. 200 metres race ... | 1. A. T. Joseph—T<br>2. H. Coyne—H | Time 24·8 secs. |
| 3. 400 metres race ... | 1. H. A. Spitteler—S<br>2. V. T. Titus—S | Time 55·2 secs. (equals College record) |
| 4. 800 metres race ... | 1. T. Ratnaswamy—S<br>2. V. T. Titus—S | Time 2 min. 11 secs. New Record. |
| 5. 1500 metres race ... | 1. T. Ratnaswamy—S<br>2. T. V. Cherian—S | Time 4 min. 47 2/5 secs. |
| 6. 110 mts. Hurdles ... | 1. P. H. Batty—S<br>2. G. Ganapathy—T | Time 18·7 secs. |
| 7. 200 mts. Hurdles ... | 1. H. A. Spitteler—S<br>2. G. Samuel—H | Time 28 secs. |
| 8. High Jump ... | 1. T. J. Solomon—H<br>2. K. Abraham—S | Height 5 ft. 5 5/8 in. |
| 9. Long Jump ... | 1. A. T. Joseph—T<br>2. R. S. Amirtharaj—S | Distance 19 ft. 7¾ in. |
| 10. Pole Vault ... | 1. W. J. Chellappa—T<br>2. G. Muthiah—H | Height 9 ft. 10 in. |
| 11. Hop-step and jump. | 1. H. A. Spitteler—S<br>2. R. S. Amirtharaj—S | Distance 39 ft. 3 in. |
| 12. Shot Put ... | 1. R. R. Benjamin—T<br>2. S. Venkataramadas—H | Distance 30 ft. 3½ in. |
| 13. Discus Throw ... | 1. S. Venkataramadas—H<br>2. G. Muthiah—H | Distance 81 ft. 3 in. New Record. |
| 14. 4 × 100 mts. Relay. | 1. Selaiyur<br>2. Bishop Heber | Time 49·4 secs. |
| 15. 4 × 400 mts. Relay. | 1. Selaiyur<br>2. St. Thomas' | Time 3 min. 51·2 secs. |
| 16. Tug-of-war ... | 1. St. Thomas'<br>2. Selaiyur | |

## CHAMPIONSHIP POINTS

Selaiyur first with 97 points.
Bishop Heber second with 73 points.
St. Thomas's third with 71 points.

Dewan Bahadur S. E. Ranganathan, Vice-Chancellor, University of Madras, presided over the sports and at the conclusion gave away the prizes. In a short speech he emphasised the importance of learning, while at College, some game of social value also along with the other more active games. Young men live a very active life as students but as soon as they leave College and enter a profession or settle down in life they stop their active life abruptly which is responsible for most of the ills of College graduates after leaving College. So the learning of some of the milder games besides the very vigorous games will stand us in good stead in later years.

This year we did not send up any one for the Madras Olympic Sports as we do not possess many athletes of outstanding ability. Some of our former students, however, did extremely well. T. B. Cleur secured three first places (110 metres hurdles, Long jump and Hop-step and jump). G.D. Mani was another who was prominent in this year's Olympics.

The Inter-Collegiate Sports are to be held on the 13th and 14th of February and we ought to do well although the chances of winning the Championship are not so good as last year.

C. A. A.

*Hockey*

This term our objective was the Stokes Shield Tournament. Judging from the point of view of the excellent performance of the team in the League Tournament, critics, both inside and outside the College, said that we would, in all probability, annex the Shield, which was, of course, highly gratifying to us. But they had reckoned without Dame Fortune, who said no, and no it was.

The first stroke of ill-luck meted out to us was when Calappa decided(?) to leave College. This upset the perfect balance of the team besides depriving us of a doughty defender. The team had, evidently, to be reorganised, by strengthening the back line without weakening our attacking forces. B. Fowler was brought back to take Calappa's place, while V. Ramakrishnan moved up to the former's position at left-inside and Hunt filled up the vacant left half-back position. We had a few practices and then we tried our strength against the West Coast XI. In this match, Benjamin had a rather bad fall, and was incapacitated long enough to prevent him from helping us in the Tournament. This was our second piece of bad luck. The team had to be reshuffled once more. V. Ramakrishnan was restored to his usual position and Hunt took up Benjamin's place. Periayanayagam was brought in as left-inner.

In the first round of the Tournament we were opposed to the Engineering College. We won by 3–1, Coyne distinguishing himself by scoring all three goals. In the next match we defeated the Loyola College by 4 goals to nothing, and entered the final round. Coyne was again responsible for all the goals. He seems to possess a happy knack of scoring goals; his aggregate for the season is 42. Mention may be made of H. Spitteler also, but it is quite superfluous. The School of Technology qualified for the final by overcoming the Madras Medicals. Although we had beaten the School in the League, we went prepared for a close fight. Luck was against us

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1938-39

*Standing from left to right:*
P. C. THOMAS (Left in), G. GANAPATHY (Left Back),
O. V. ELIAS (Reserve), B. SRINIVAS RAO (Goal-keeper), L. P. CHARLES
(Centre Half), V. T. TITUS (Left Half), P. I. GEORGE (Right Half),
E. KUMARARAJ JOSEPH (Right Extreme).

*Seated from left to right:* N. C. SREEDHARAN (Right Back), S. V. INBIRAJ (Left Extreme),
REV. J. R. MACPHAIL (President), A. THANKARAJ JOSEPH (Captain,
Centre Forward), MR. C. A. ABRAHAM (Physical Director),
A. S. DHANARAJ DANIEL (Vice-captain), S. P. CHUDAPPARAJA (Right in).

from start to finish. We were beaten by two goals to one. This is the second year that we are runners-up in this Tournament.

Dame Fortune! you relentless old creature! when are you going to give us a break?

F. Arul,
*Captain.*

*Football*

Several members of the football team added another feather to their caps when they played for the 'B' Company in the inter-company football tournament while they were in the U.T.C. Camp at Pallavaram. Six players from our College played for the 'B' Company; they were: B. Srinivas Rao, N. C. Sreedharan, P. I. George, N. S. Chudapparaja, Gnanadikam, and Ramiah. The remaining five members of the team were from Pachaiappa's College. The 'B' Company played three matches in all—viz: against the 'A', 'C' and 'D' Companies, and annexed the football cup. The results of the matches were as follows :—

| P | W | D | L | F (Goals) | A (Goals) | Pts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 6 |

Three of the College players—B. Srinivas Rao, N. C. Sreedharan, and P. I. George—were also chosen to play for the U.T.C. Battalian team in friendly matches against the Madras Gymkhana Club.

Early this term the College team played against the Madras Medical College in the first round of the Wilson Cup Tournament, and made their exit from the competition. Our failure on that occasion was due mainly to lack of practice, and injuries to many of the players. Even then the team played well, and though beaten we were not disgraced.

During the year 1938-39 the College has had an exceptionally good football team, and our performance in the Inter-Collegiate league was very good indeed. Our success was due mainly to the keen interest shown by our President; Rev. J. R. Macphail; the guidance of Mr. C. A. Abraham; the able Captaincy of Thankaraj Joseph; the interest evinced and the encouragement given by the vice-captain, Dhanaraj Daniel; and the excellent team spirit with which all the players were imbued.

The standard of football in the College this year has been very high, and it is our sincere hope that those who will come next year will not only maintain but also improve upon the present standard, and always 'play up, play up, and play the game!'

B. Srinivas Rao,
*Captain.*

*Boxing*

We began this year with a number of new-comers to our Boxing Club. Most of them were novices, but they improved rapidly and helped to form a strong team, so that we were able to retain the Lalita Sastri Shield quite easily. The boxers must be congratulated not only for this great achievement, but also for the fine spirit shown throughout the year.

On the 4th of November, we staged 5 exhibition bouts in our ring, and although all the boxers who participated were from our College only, yet

a high standard of boxing was witnessed. Then came the Inter-Collegiate Boxing Tournament, in which 17 from our College competed. Unfortunately many of our boxers had to box among themselves in the preliminary rounds, so that only one man in each weight (except one) was able to come to the finals. However we had men in 7 bouts out of which we won 5.

The following are the boxers who entered for this tournament with the results :—

Palanivelu (Runner-up, pin-weight).
Nagabushnam (Winner, paper-weight).
T. Nipps (Winner, fly-weight).
H. Coyne (Winner, bantan-weight).
N. Hunt (Runner-up, feather-weight).
B. Fowler (Winner, light-weight).
Sivaraj (Runner-up, light-weight).
A. Keir (Winner, welter-weight).
Lawless (Lost in preliminary).
Vethanayagam (Lost in preliminary).
G. Gilhooly (Lost in preliminary).
L. Charles ( „ „ ).
Hari Krishnan (Lost in preliminary).
R. Hellein (Lost in preliminary).
H. Coultrup (Lost in preliminary). } (Did not box).
Appachana }
Chandran }

*Pin-Weight*

Palanivelu fought quite well in all his bouts. In the semi-finals he met Lawless. This was a good contest, but the latter in trying to take things too easy was beaten on points.

*Paper-Weight*

Nagabushnam has the makings of a good boxer, for throughout the year he was keen and kept himself in good training. In the finals he met the man who had beaten Vethanayagam. This was enough to scare almost any boxer, for Vethanayagam won the championship in the previous year, but Nagabushnam boxing quite scientifically won a good fight.

*Fly-Weight*

In the fly-weight division, we felt confident that Charles would win the championship, but this boxer did not live up to our expectations. He beat Gilhooly in one of the preliminary bouts, but lost in the semi-finals. Nipps who had hitherto been battering down his opponents, still continued his good work. In the finals, however, his opponent covered up so much that Nipps was unable to land any effective punches. He was thus robbed of his fourth successive t. k. o.

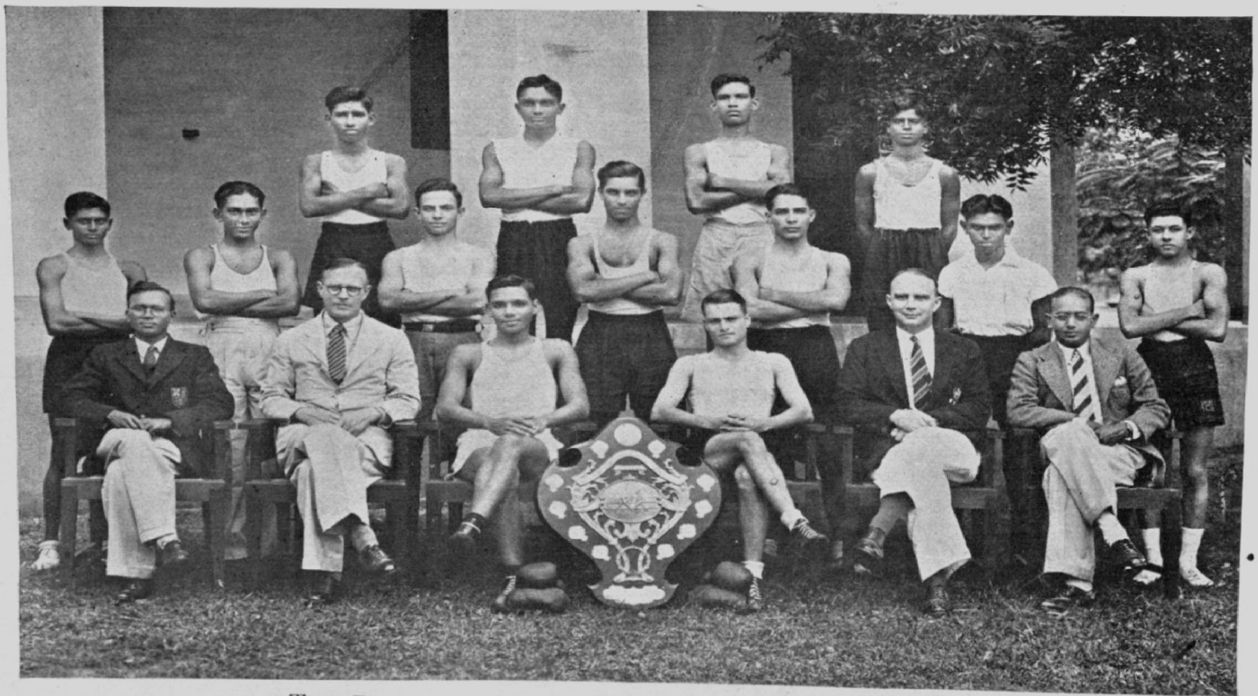
*Bantam-Weight*

H. Coyne, who won the championship in the Madras Open Tournament, had only one fight. He boxed well, and was never in difficulty. We were all surprised at the fine show that Hari Krishnan put up. Though getting the worst of the exchanges, yet he was game to the end. He was a gallant loser.

*Feather-Weight*

Another boxer who lost, but gave a very good account of himself was Hellein. His defeat, however, was avenged by Hunt, one of our boxers who has made the most progress this year. After a thrilling fight in the semi-finals, he followed it up with another in the finals. In the latter he lost by a very narrow margin of points.

BOXING TEAM—1938-39, WINNERS OF THE LALITA SASTRI SHIELD



*Top Row* : NIPPS, CHARLES GILHOOLY, NAGABUSHANAM,
PALNIVELU, HARIKRISHNAN, HELLEIN, KEIR, HUNT, VEDANAYAGAM, LAWLESS
*Seated* : MR. ANTHONY, MR. BOYD, FOWLER (Captain), COYNE, MR. MACPHAIL, MR. ABRAHAM.

*Light-Weight*

Sivaraj possesses strength, but has yet to learn the finer techniques of boxing. He managed to win in the semi-finals, but lost in his next fight.

*Welter-Weight*

Keir, who used his reach to advantage, is another boxer who was seldom in difficulty in his two bouts.

We were quite fortunate this year or our boxers were very scientific, for none of them received severe punishment. One, however, had the rare distinction of receiving a black ear.

B. W. Fowler,
*Captain.*

# HALLS

*St. Thomas's Hall*

Another year is coming to a close, and with it the hundred and one noises of the Hall are also subsiding. For those who will shortly leave this Hall and this Institution this is indeed a period of pain, and even those who are certain to return to these familiar surroundings a few months later feel the pang of separation. But although for many the future is shrouded in a thick mist, and the present is a time of remorse, the past is what one can look back upon with gratification and pleasure.

The St. Thomas's Hall Day which was held on the 21st of January was a day which will never be forgotten by all those who were present on that occasion. Tea was served to nearly four hundred persons and here it must be mentioned in fairness to the contractor that the catering was excellent. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Papworth were the guests of honour on the occasion, and Mr. Papworth's speech was of absorbing interest. The Principal and the Warden made short speeches which were tinctured with their characteristic humour, and then with the conclusion of the Secretary's report the stage was set as it were for the play that followed. At the same time, as it had grown dark, a hundred coloured lights appeared among the stately trees within the Hall and in an instant the whole place was changed into Fairy-land. And the players of this Hall rose to the occasion and their performance was uniformly good. Several of the actors who took part in the play will return to the Hall in the coming year and we wish them every success and hope that they will make their mark in higher circles. But in our appreciation of those who appeared on the stage, we cannot for a moment forget the great make-up artist behind the scenes to whom we owe a debt of gratitude. He is a genius in the art, and we can never sufficiently thank Mr. F. Manickam, who, by the way, is an Old Boy of this College, for the service he rendered on every occasion.

Our Hall Sports this year were an unqualified success, and we take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. A. Thankaraja Joseph on his fine performance both in the Hall and in the College Sports. The tennis players of this Hall also held their own against all others, and the other outdoor games were conducted efficiently by the Secretary in charge. The Indoor Game Secretary was quite active and he organised several competitions, all of which were conducted in the best manner possible. Once again, we congratulate all those who were successful in the various competitions. Our Secretary for entertainments got busy at last and arranged an Inter-Hall function on Saturday the 18th of February. The Secretary for debates and meetings—Mr. B. Srinivasa Rao was active throughout the year, and the debating society of the Hall was run on very smooth and efficient lines.

We are proud of the Vandalur Rangers who are a part and parcel of the Hall, and, but for the fact that an account of them appears elsewhere in this magazine, we might have given a lengthy account of the ties which bind the Rangers to St. Thomas's

ST. THOMAS'S HALL DAY

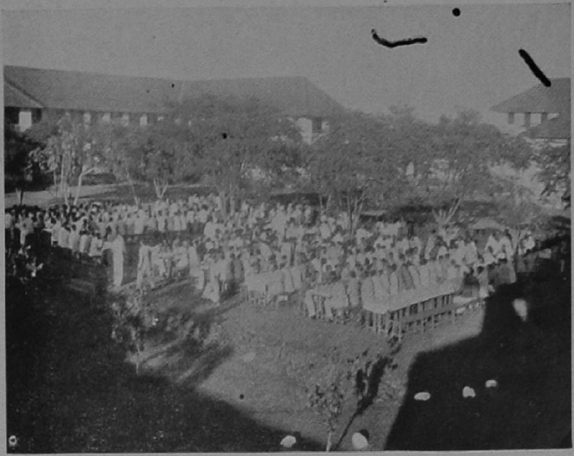


*Photo by M. Ramakrishnan*

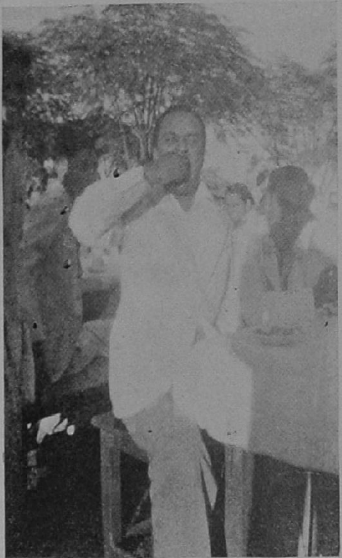


*Photo by A. Madhava Menon*

*Photo by M. Ramakrishnan*

THE CHIEF GUESTS, THE WARDEN AND THE GENERAL SECRETARY

Hall. They are a set of jolly good fellows, and we do hope that 'though men may come and men may go, the Vandalur Rangers will go on for ever.'

We wish all those members of this Hall, and of other Halls too, who are appearing for University Examinations the best of luck, and we hope that their results will be excellent. And now, as the old order must change and give place to new, we retire from this scene, the memory of which we shall ever cherish, and hope that those who will come next will ever maintain the ideals and uphold the traditions of St. Thomas's Hall.

V. Balasundaram,
*General Secretary.*

*Selaiyur Hall*

This term our Hall won for the second year in succession the Sports Championship and the Basket Ball shield. We are glad to say that it was not the fact of having a number of outstanding athletes which won us the Sports Championship, but it was largely the result of team work.

Our Hall Day came off on the 16th of January, Mr. Sambamurthy, the speaker of the Madras Legislative Assembly, presiding. The winner of the Fancy Dress competition (held during the tea) brought a monkey along with him, on a lead. Most of us were under the impression that he had hired the monkey. Subsequently, however, he admitted that the monkey was a resident of one of our sister Halls. We do not wish to divulge the name of the particular Hall for fear of causing ill-feeling. However, members of the Hall concerned know that we know. They can trust us to keep their secret.

The Hall Day was brought to a conclusion with a play 'Love's the Best Doctor', which was a free adaptation by Mr. Martin of one of Molière's short plays. It was pleasant to know ,that the audience enjoyed the play, and its success was due to the keenness of the actors and to its adaptation and direction by Mr. Martin. 'Love's is the Best Doctor' was later acted in the Museum Theatre as part of *College Pudding*, the variety entertainment given under the auspices of the Student Christian Movement.

The average student gets weary of the eternal round of debates, and so our ingenious secretary for debates has introduced 'Hat Nights'. The procedure is as follows: The secretary rounds up a few innocent, unsuspecting lambs from the Hall and leads them, at the appointed time, to the slaughterer (which post, we might mention in passing, our Warden fills admirably). The chairman (a euphemism for the more opprobious term of 'slaughterer') takes out two slips of paper at a time from hats, one slip bearing the name of the victim, the other the subject on which he has to discourse for three minutes. At this point, the victim's legs fail him—seeing which, the chairman adroitly pushes him into a handy chair. Into this, the unfortunate being relapses in a state of coma, then staggers to his feet and essays to speak for three minutes if the audience will permit him to do so—which, in fairness to the audience, does happen once or twice.

Spurred on by the anti-Hindi agitation, which is the rage in Madras at the present moment, some of our members, not to be outdone, have instituted an Anti-Bathing Club. The A.B.C. (as it is popularly called) has high (and dry) ideals, and shows no signs of falling off. It is a democratic institution, the most consistent

non-bather being elected the President. The aims of the club are (1) to economise on one's expenditure by cutting out soap and towels from one's budget, (2) to save time, (3) to maintain a high level in the college reservoir. We believe that the Principal was requested to be a patron of the club. He was however compelled to decline the honour, as he confessed that he sometimes *thought* of bathing.

KURYAN ABRAHAM,
*General Secretary.*

*Bishop Heber Hall*

In the third term our members have begun to think rather seriously about work, with the result that not so much has happened from the point of view of a Secretary writing his report. In the first few weeks everybody was keenly interested in preparations for the inter-Hall sports. Although we only just managed to scrape the second place, our representatives showed a real team spirit, and we congratulate especially T. J. Solomon and V. S. Simon on winning the high jump and 100 metres, in spite of injuries received during the preliminary heats. We offer our sincere congratulations to Selaiyur on winning the championship shield.

In previous reports no mention has been made of the 'Free Looters' Cricket Club', started at the beginning of the year by a few cricket enthusiasts. During the year they have played several matches against the Selaiyur XI and the Chromepet XI, and the results of the matches are not at all 'strictly confidential', as those of a sister club have been said to be; in fact the F.L.C.C. has done very well throughout.

The debating society has staged only one debate during the term, but that one was well attended. The valedictory meeting of the society was held on February 20, when Mr. E. J. Bingle delivered a lecture on 'British Foreign Policy, then and now.'

It is said that at Mahasivarathri some members of the Hall met together and resolved to celebrate it according to custom and tradition by keeping awake the whole night; but the Chairman of the meeting, Mr. P. S. Seshan, was found snoring in his easy-chair at about half past eight, with the door open and the light on. Alas! What a determination!

When we came back at the beginning of term we found that the Chapel had acquired a new bell, and the old familiar tin gong was to be heard no more. Several other additions and alterations have also been made during the term to the interior of the Chapel. The Bishop of Madras held a Confirmation there on February 7 when eight candidates were confirmed.

And now we have come to the end of the academic year, and shall soon be bidding a sorrowful farewell to the senior students. Next year we shall badly miss our distinguished orators, like Messrs. Paul Pandian, Clement Paul and A. G. John, our famous musicians, like Mr. N. Balasurya Rao, and some of our 'heavy weight' champions, such as Messrs. E. V. J. Hensman and P. S. Seshan. We wish all senior students success in their examinations, and prosperity in their life outside the College walls.

C. JACOB,
*General Secretary.*

*Photo by C. J. Mathew Tharakan*

THE PRINCIPAL, THE CHIEF GUEST AND THE HOSTESS

THE CAST OF THE HALL-DAY PLAY

*Back Row (left to right)*: F. MANIKKAM [make-up] E. C. KURUVILLA [Second Doctor] KURIAN ABRAHAM [True Heart] C. M. S. EAPEN [First Doctor] T. N. KRISHNAMURTHY [A Lawyer].

*Sitting*: L. M. PETER [Spry] K. S. SRINIVASAN [Ruby] P. S. RAMAN [Stubborn] MR. G. C. MARTIN [Adaptor and Producer].

## COLLEGE SERVICE

### List of Preachers

*Second Term*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sept. | 25 ... | Rev. T. G. Platten. |
| Oct. | 2 ... | Rev. G. Matthews. |
| „ | 9 ... | Dr. E. Asirvatham. |
| „ | 16 ... | Mr. G. C. Martin. |
| „ | 23 ... | Rev. G. P. Gibbens. |
| „ | 30 ... | Rev. J. R. Macphail. |
| Nov. | 6 ... | Rev. J. O. Cochran. |
| „ | 13 ... | Dr. John R. Mott. |
| „ | 20 .. | Rev. S. Samuel. |
| „ | 26 ... | Rev. Dr. J. F. Butler. |
| Dec. | 4 ... | Rev. A. J. Boyd. |

*Third Term*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jan. | 8 ... | Rev. J. R. Macphail. |
| „ | 15 ... | Mr. E. J. Bingle. |
| „ | 22 ... | Rev. T. G. Platten. |
| „ | 29 ... | Dr. W. F. Kibble. |
| Feb. | 5 ... | Rev. D. W. Wolfenden. |
| „ | 12 ... | Rev. G. Matthews. |
| „ | 19 ... | Rev. J. F. Butler. |
| „ | 25 ... | The Bishop of Madras. |
| Mar. | 5 ... | Mr. G. C. Martin. |
| „ | 12 ... | Rev. A. J. Boyd. |
| „ | 19 ... | Rev. T. G. Koshy. |
| „ | 26 ... | Mr. E. J. Bingle. |

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